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# *Garfield Gleaner*

*Spring • Nineteen hundred and thirty-eight*

BERKELEY • CALIFORNIA



Mary Jane Gray

Bob Nickolls

Rosemary Wilson

~~Paul Russell~~

Donald Brook

Frank Woodward

Bill Baker

Ted Collins

~~George Fisher~~

Boris Minzyk

Bill Fay

John Minzyk

Dorothy Hagg

Dan Merwin

~~XX~~

Jane Kennedy

Merle Carlson

Mary Purdin

Ann Fraser

Sally Holst

Jane Walter

Maryann Hansen

Margy Maki

Stanley Stahl

Beatrice Browning

K. Murphy

Margaret McNab

Garfield GLEANER

SPRING - 1938

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA





*The*

1938 SPRING GLEANER

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO  
OUR PRINCIPAL, D. L. HENNESSEY,  
AUTHOR, EDUCATOR, FRIEND, AND  
PUBLIC SERVANT.







## In Memoriam . . . Marian Arendt

A sunshiny morning in May. Flag-raising ceremony in the beautiful Garfield amphitheater facing the Berkeley hills crested with their long lines of tall eucalyptus trees.

The band, in bright orange-and-white uniforms, has played inspiring patriotic selections. The color-guard advances. To the clear bugle-strains of the national anthem our cherished silken flag, unfolding as it ascends, is drawn to the top of the staff. "Old Glory" floats proudly in the breeze—the emblem of a nation at peace in a war-threatened world.

We sing "America." We listen to a short message: the story of Memorial Day; the red poppies worn in homage to the American boys who sleep in Flanders Fields; our obligation to respect and reverence our flag and the ideals for which it stands.

A hush falls upon the assembly. "Taps" is being sounded. The flag is slowly lowered to half-mast.

Then we learn with saddened hearts that our loved counselor, Marian Arendt, will return no more to Garfield. She has gone quietly to eternal rest.

Twelve hundred people stand with bowed heads in silent tribute to a teacher who during nineteen years of service gave of her best to Garfield, whose gentle influence is interwoven in the very fibers of the school that she loved.

*"We cannot think, and we will not say  
That she is dead! She is just away.*

*With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
She has wandered into an unknown land,*

*And left us dreaming how very fair  
It must be, since she lingers there.*

. . . . .

*Think of her faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of Here,*

*Mild and gentle as she was brave  
When the sweetest love of her life she gave*

*To the simple things,—where the violets grew  
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.*

. . . . .

*Think of her still as the same, we say,  
She is not dead—she is just away."*

*D. L. H.*

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HENNESSEY, D. L. . . . . *Principal*  
CANNON, MABELLE . . . . . *Secretary*

Archer, Mrs. Kate W.	Goode, Beatrice	Patton, Bessie
Bagnall, Mrs. Franklin	Groefsema, Christine	Patton, Elizabeth
Barry, Margaret	Hamsher, Alice	Perry, H. D.
Boehne, Fred	Hughes, Samuel	Piatt, Mrs. Mona
Brubaker, Emma	Kidwell, Ruth, <i>Counselor</i>	Riley, Irma
Brush, Charlotte	Kilkenny, Mrs. Myrtle, <i>Counselor</i>	Roscoe, M. E.
Collar, Gladys	Laurens, Helene	Rowell, Mrs. Evelyn
Corley, Harold P.	Lawson, O. C.	Rushforth, Robert
Davis, Mrs. Dorothy	Leland, S. J.	Shriver, Mrs. Edna
Droitcour, Mrs. Georginia	Lindell, Selma	Skinner, Mrs. Eunice
<i>Counselor</i>	Lowrey, Mary	Smith, Mrs. Iva
Dyson, Mrs. Margaret	Mahoney, Mrs. Theodora T.	Stone, Nell
Fisk, Katharine	Mally, Alfreda	Stout, Harriet M.
Flanders, F. A.	Martin, Helen	Weed, Mrs. Roslyn
Fraser, Annie Mills	Minzyk, John	Wilson, Flora
Gavin, Mrs. Isabel	Montagne, Mrs. Alberta	Young, Mrs. Lois R.

### SPECIAL TEACHERS AND ASSISTANTS

Bellus, Mrs. Ruth	Rice, Delight	Kimbell, S. B., <i>Head Custodian</i>
<i>Assistant Librarian</i>	<i>Special Teacher</i>	Hoag, Jack, <i>Custodian</i>
Hibbard, Mrs. Mary	Lumpe, Frank	Odom, Joseph, <i>Custodian</i>
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	<i>Playground Director</i>	Post, C. C., <i>Custodian</i>
Foster, Georgia P.	Menefee, Mrs. Dolly P.	Brown, Carl, <i>Custodian</i>
<i>Nurse</i>	<i>Cafeteria Director</i>	Gorman, Harry, <i>Custodian</i>
Nelson, Mildred	Petitt, Mrs. Bessie L., <i>Matron</i>	
<i>Attendance Clerk</i>		

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<i>Art Editors</i> . . . . .	JUNE and JEAN GOFORTH
<i>Business Managers</i> . . . . .	JEAN FOXALL, JOHN OLNEY
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i> . . . . .	FLORENCE AVELIN
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<i>Activity Editors</i> . . . . .	SHIRLEY ESTY, LILLIAN GEHB
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<i>Assistants to Mr. Hughes</i> . . . . .	BARBARA BEUKERS, ELVIRA CELIA
<i>Publicity</i> . . . . .	BOB LLOYD, DAVE WOODS

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FACULTY ADVISORS: *Art*, Gladys Collar; *Photography*, Samuel Hughes; *Distribution*, Howell Perry; *Editorial*, Nell D. Stone.



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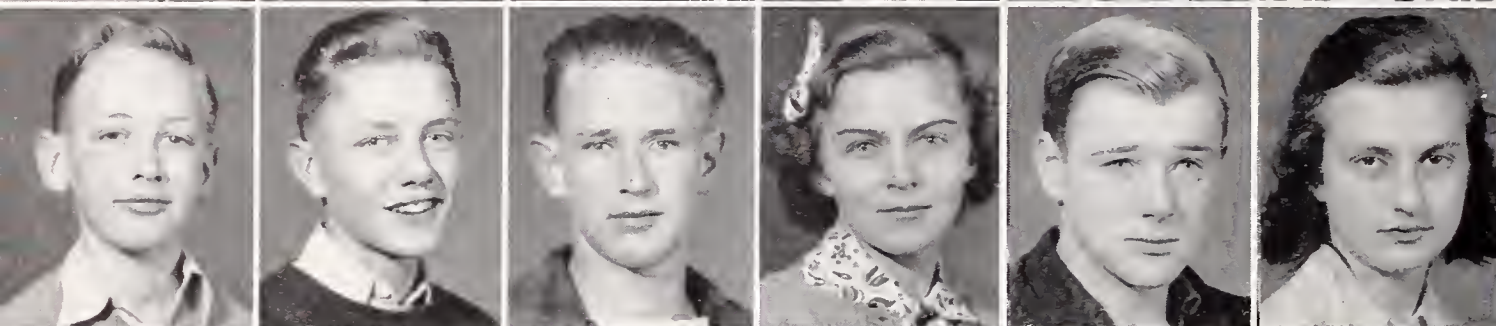




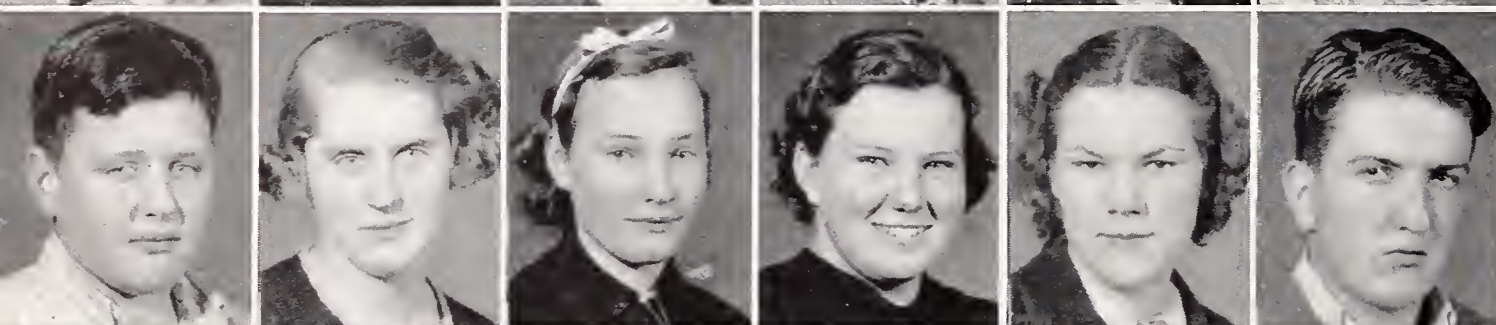
# High Nine



Alexander, Lucille  
Amondsen, Amelia  
Barbara  
Andersen, Jacqueline  
Anderson, Mary C.  
Atthowe, John M.  
Ayres, Shirley Mae



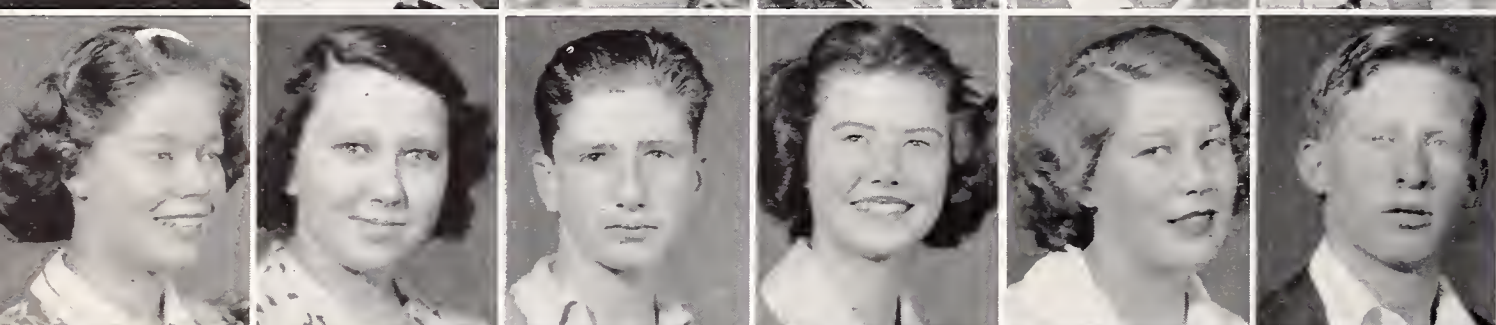
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Bailey, Robert John  
Baird, Kenneth  
Barker, Betty  
Batchelder, Donald  
Batsakis, Mary



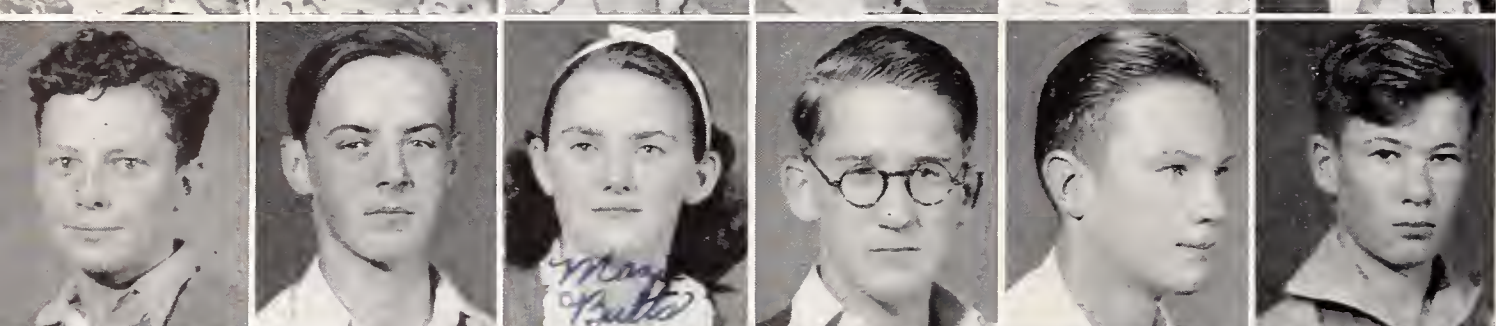
Beauchamp, Blake  
Beukers, Barbara  
Bird, Mary  
Blackburn, Jean  
Blakeman, Mary  
Blazer, Paul, Jr.



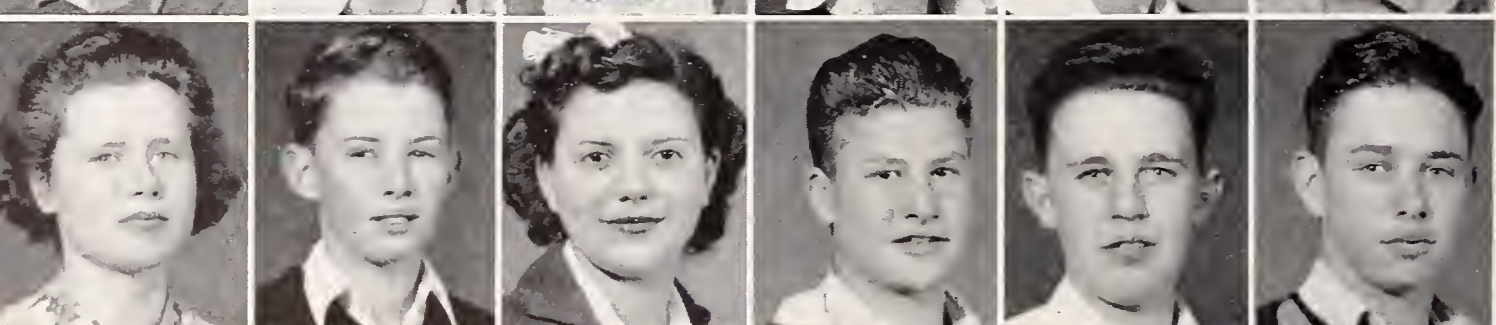
Bloom, Lois  
Bolte, Phyllis  
Borden, Robert  
Borgstrom, Roy  
Bracken, Gilbert  
Brennan, Ralph



Brier, June  
Briggs, Marie  
Brown, Kenneth  
Leslie  
Brown, Patricia  
Brunje, Bette  
Bunn, Rex



Butner, Worth  
Butts, Everett  
Butts, Mazie  
Byrns, Roscoe  
Callow, Merrill  
Cantrell, Loren



Carlson, Lois  
Carrier, Richard  
Celia, Elvera  
Cenedella, Kenneth  
Chandler, Edward  
Cherakin, Louis

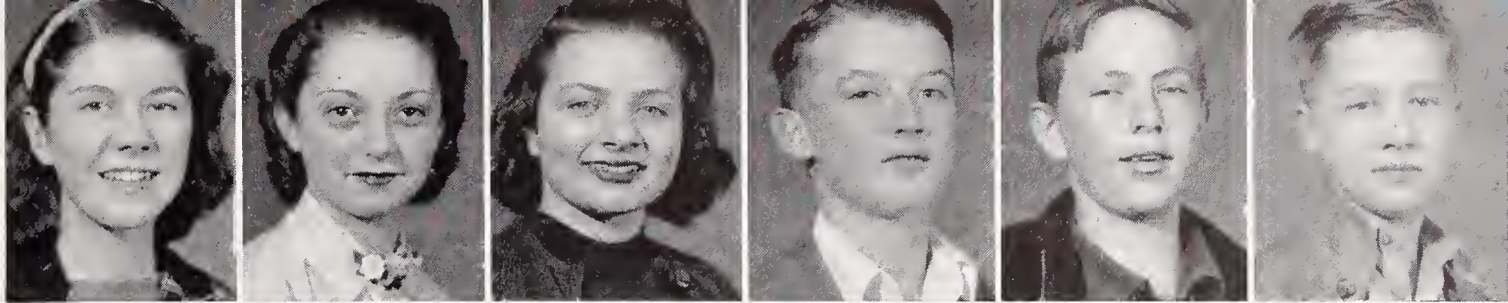


Cooley, Patricia  
Couch, Elaine  
Coward, Alice  
Cozens, Barbara  
Crane, Barbara  
Curtiss, Jack

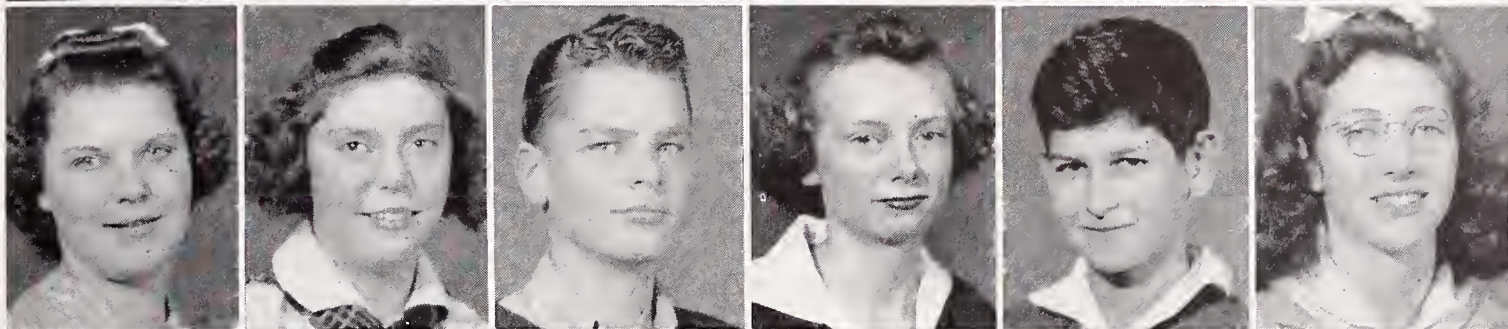


# Graduates

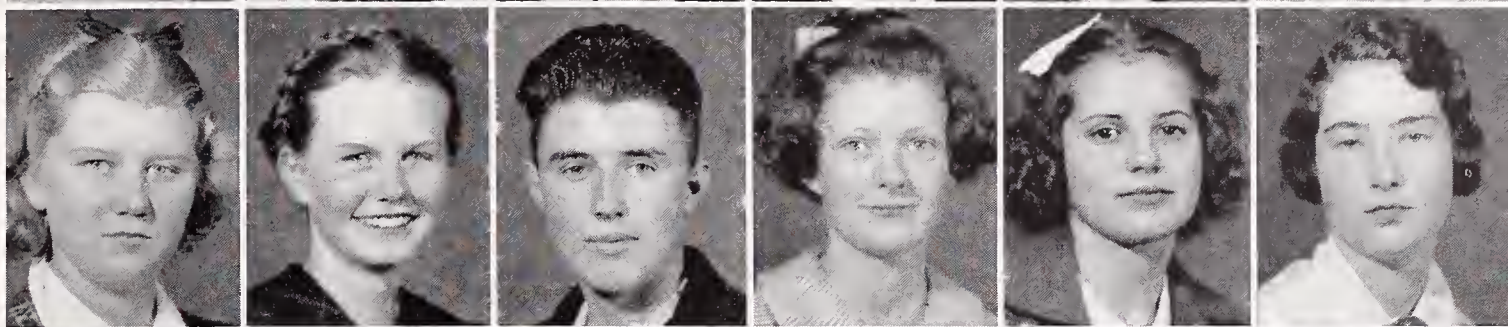
Daigre, Beatrice  
Dalton, Alice  
Danna, Dorothy  
Davis, Raymond E., Jr.  
Dawson, Charles  
de Grassi, Andrea  
De Tarr, James



Dodge, Dorothy  
Dodge, Margery  
Dole, Charles  
Donelson, Dagmar  
Dowler, Albert  
Dunham, Jane



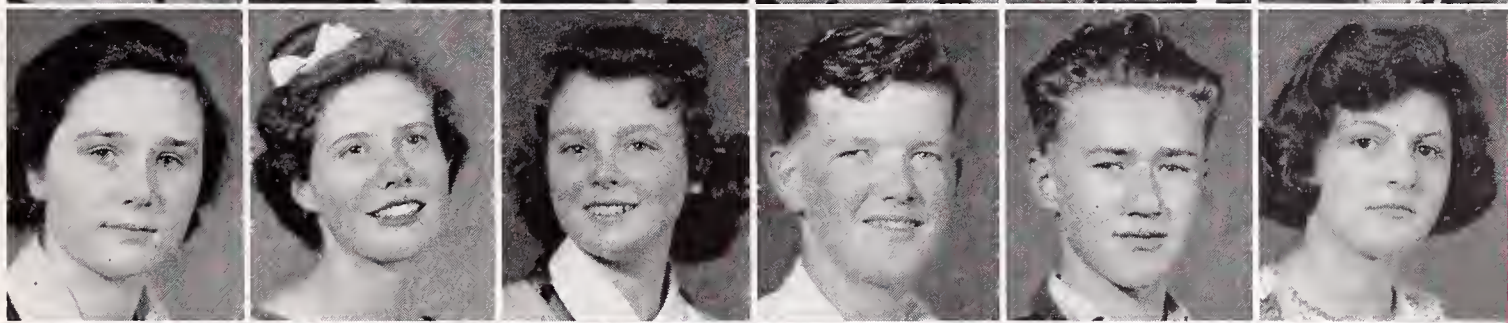
Duttle, Carol  
Eggen, Mary Jeanne  
Eichelberger, Jack  
Spence  
Eisenhauer, Mary  
Jane  
Engstrom, Barbara  
Esty, Shirley R.



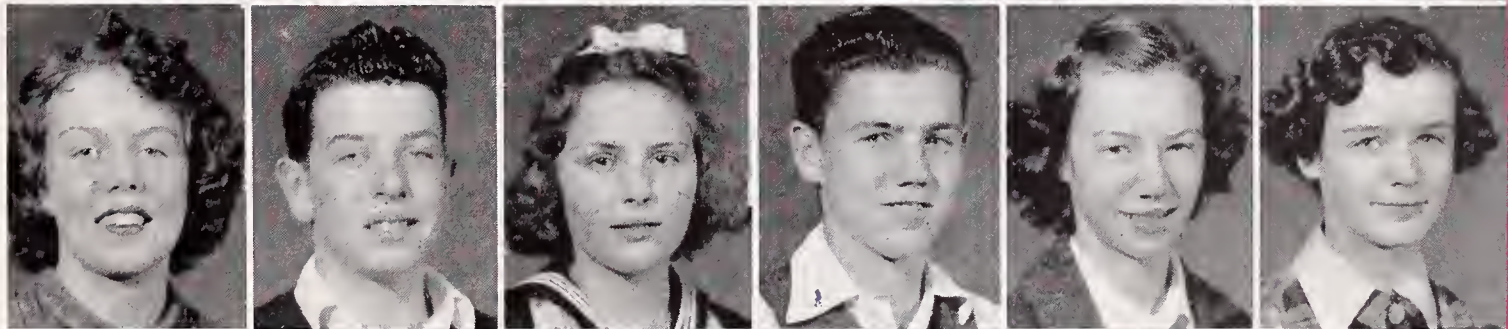
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Fish, Donald  
Fitch, Robert  
Flagg, Harry  
Flint, Russell  
Folsom, Jack



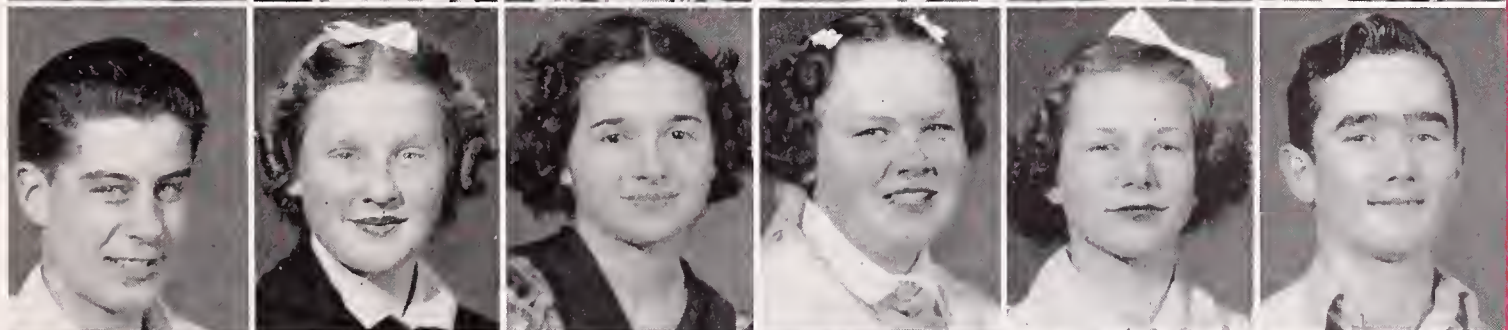
Foxall, Jean  
Friar, Alice  
Fry, Dorothy  
Fuery, John  
Garber, Henry  
Gardner, Mary  
Frances



Garretson, Jacqueline  
Garretson, James  
Gehb, Lillian  
Gerber, Donald  
Goforth, Jean  
Goforth, June



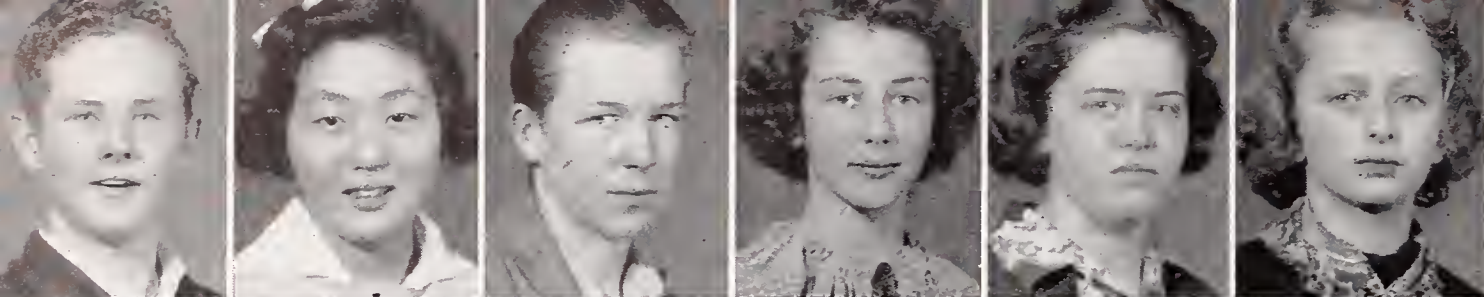
Gordon, Keith  
Gowen, Mary Ann  
Graham, Dorothy  
Graham, Eleanor  
Grannell, Elizabeth  
Ann  
Hack, Kenneth



Haglund, Roy  
Hansen, Arthur  
Hanssen, William  
Hartig, Ann  
Hauser, Joan  
Haven, Elizabeth Ann



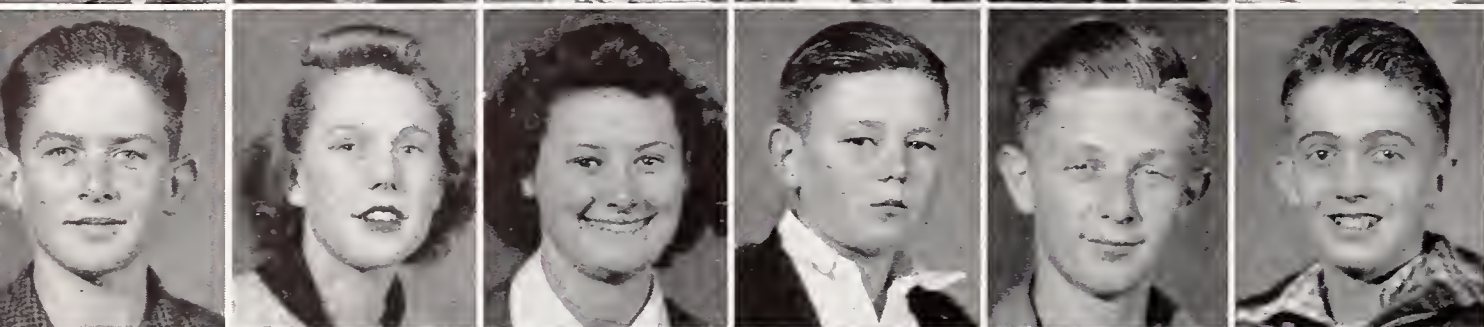




Hawley, Donald  
Hayashi, Toyoko  
Hecox, Raymond  
Hepperle, Suzanne  
Hill, Carolyn  
Hitchcock, Mary  
Alice



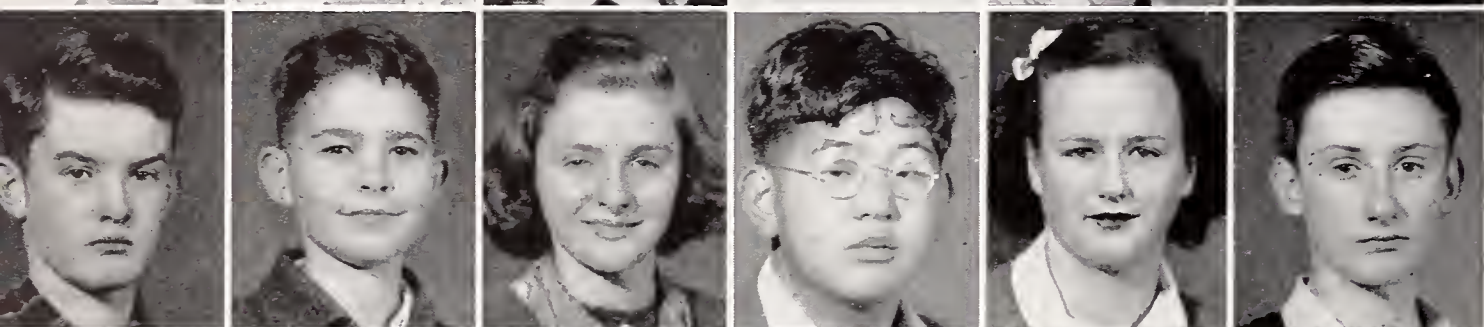
Hittell, Audrey  
Hix, Robin  
Honer, Emma  
Horton, Marie  
Howard, Lorene  
Howse, Loraine



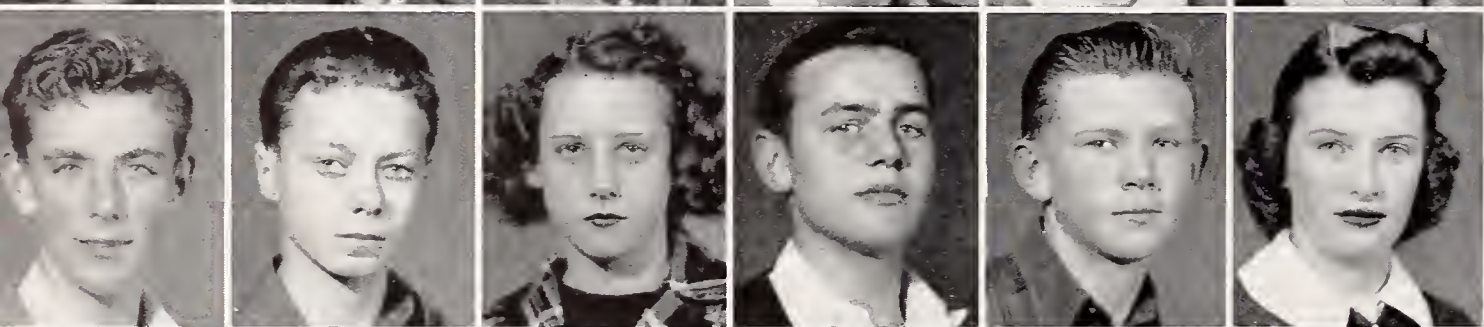
Hughes, Arthur  
Hughes, Marjorie  
Hughes, Marion  
Hull, Mark  
Hummel, Robert  
Hurd, Lester



Ingram, Alex, Jr.  
Isackson, Ellen  
Isaef, Eugenia  
Jacovleff, Helen  
Jeschien, Bruce  
Johnson, William



Johnson, Keith  
Johnson, Philip  
Jones, Jaue  
Kaneko, Tsuneo  
Kellogg, Enid  
Kelsey, John



Kennedy, Peter  
Kimes, Leon  
Kling, Maryly  
Klatt, Leonard  
Lee, Allan  
Levick, Frances



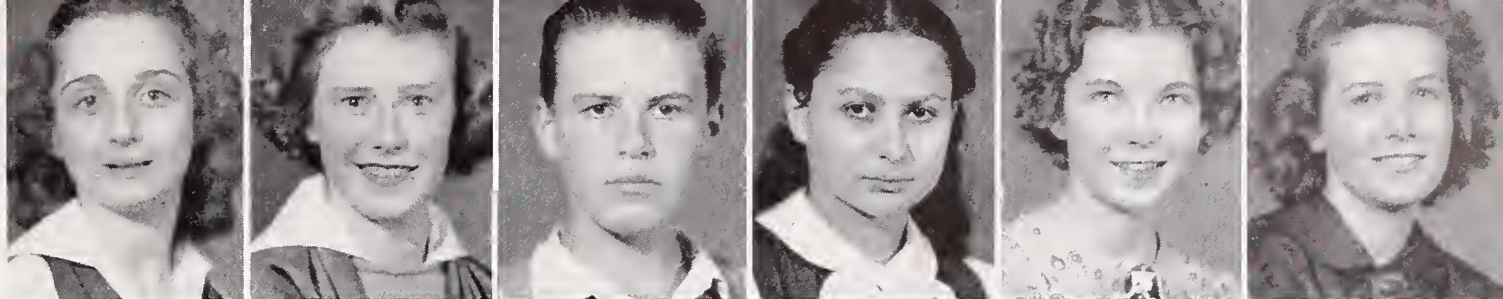
Lincoln, Chester  
Long, Roger  
Loomis, William  
Lucas, Leonard  
MacCaughey,  
Phoebe-Jean  
Macdonald, Lee



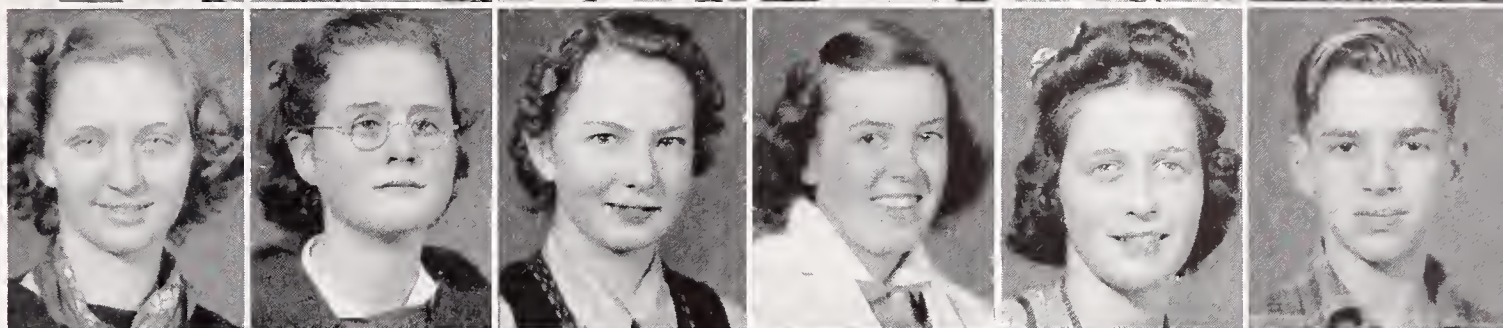
Mack, Marilyn  
MacLean, Stewart  
MacPhee, Shirley  
Mah, Bertwing  
Mah, Winberta  
Mainwaring, Norman



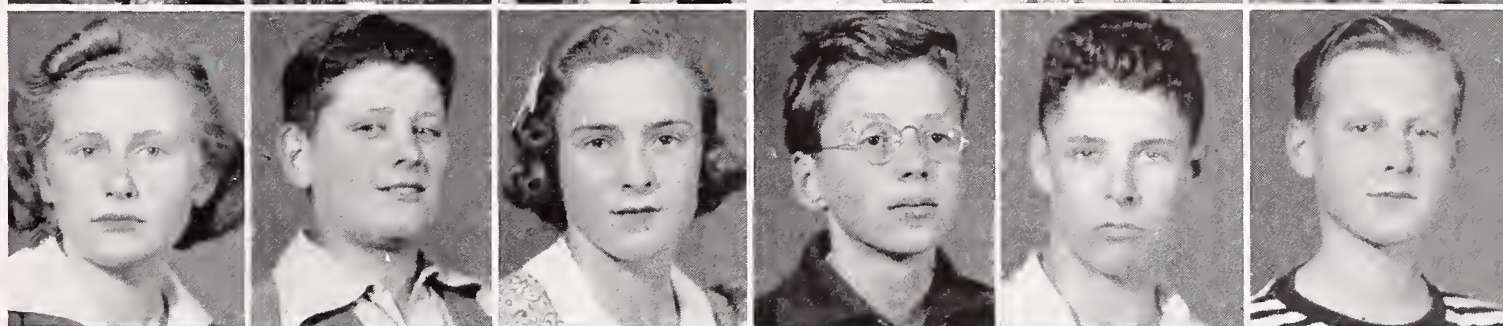
Martell, Gloria  
Martin, Florence  
Martin, Roland  
Martius, Ann  
McCarter, Phyllis  
McConnell, Olive  
Della



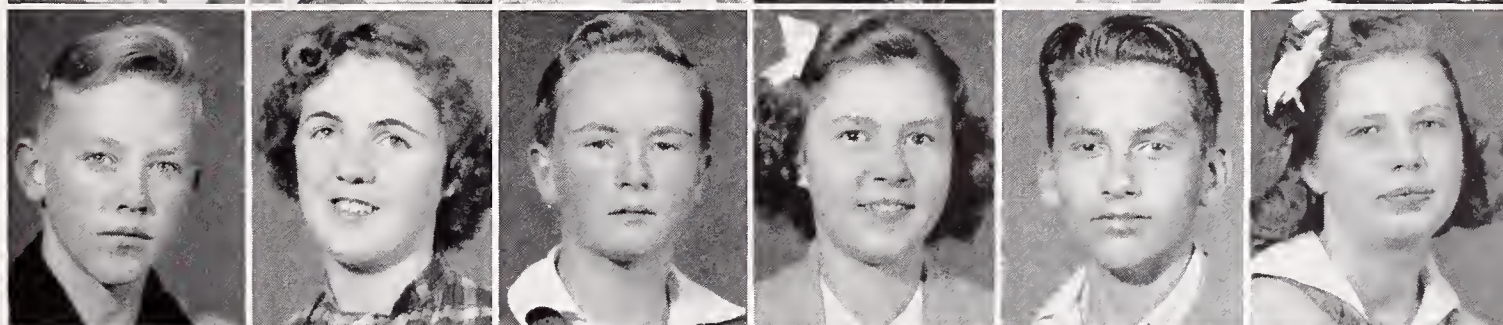
McFarland, Betty  
McKenna, Margaret  
McMillan, Marian  
Mervin, Martha  
Meyer, Emily  
Meyer, Fred



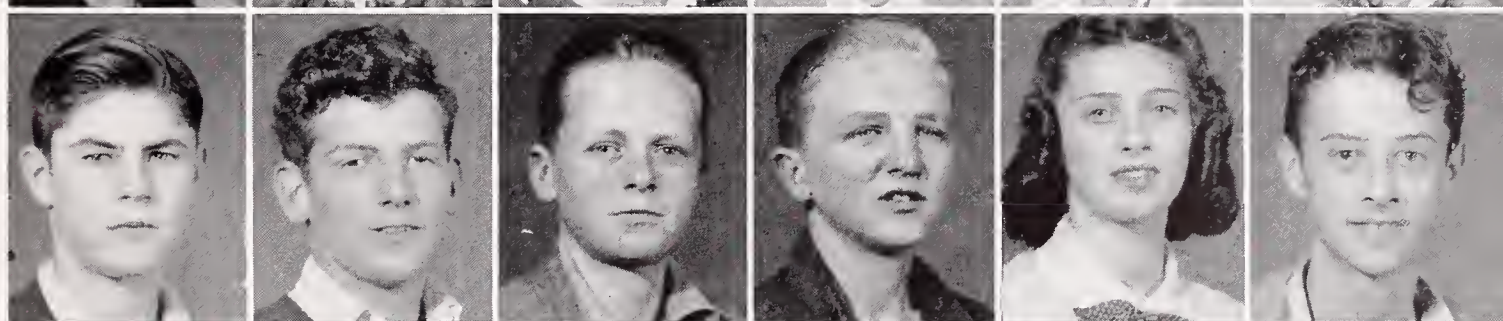
Moffett, Maria Alice  
Momas, Fernand  
Monson, Marrilynn  
Moore, Thomas  
Morgan, Robert  
Morse, James  
Moser, John



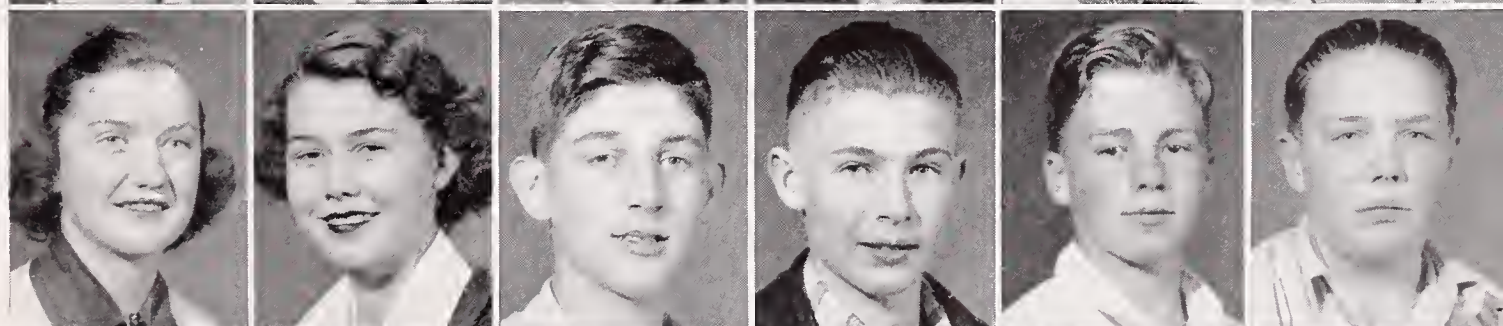
Murray, Robert  
Neill, Irene  
Neill, James Russell  
Newfield, Dorothy  
Helen  
Nurmi, John David  
Ogden, Joyce



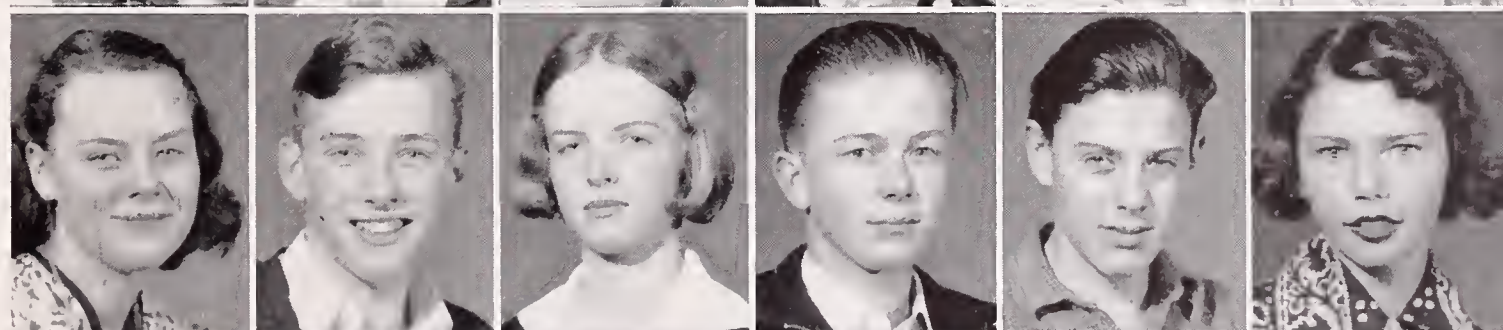
Olney, John M., Jr.  
O'Neill, Kenneth  
Ottesen, Robert  
Owen, Louis  
Paetzold, Helen  
Parker, Bruce



Payne, Nancy  
Pedersen, Nelladean  
Pederson, Robert  
Phillips, John Charles  
Plant, Richard  
Power, Donald



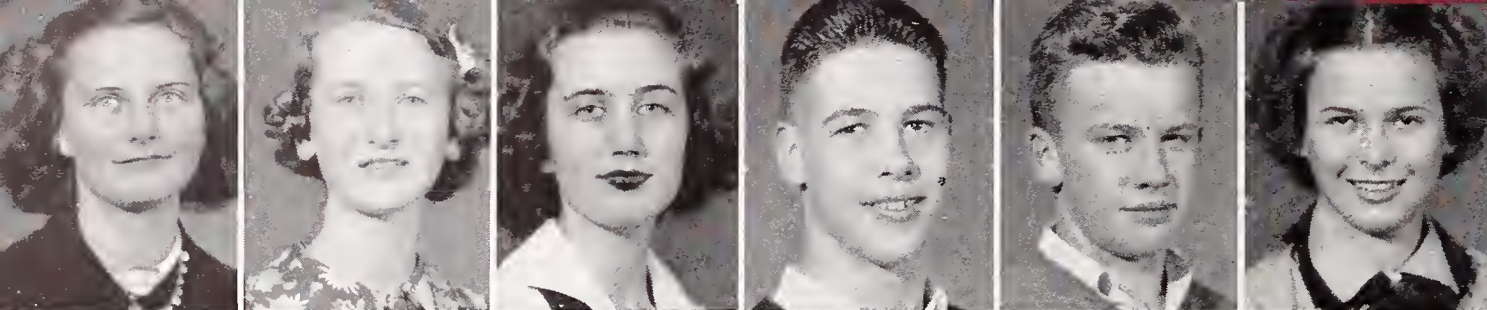
Queen, Shirley Belle  
Rader, Dan  
Ramage, Mary  
Rawlinson, Russell  
Reed, Edwin  
Reinke, Patricia Ann



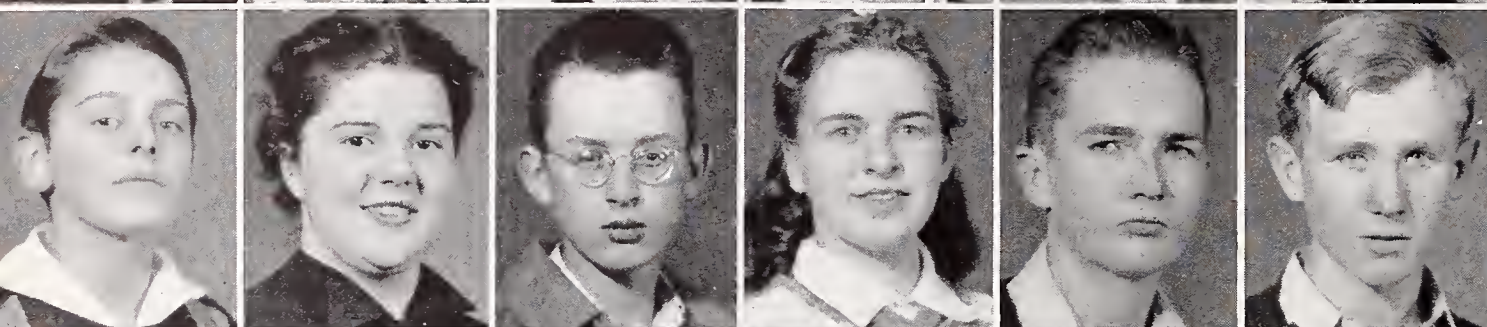
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Robinson, James  
Roletto, Gloria  
Roots, Melvin  
Ross, William



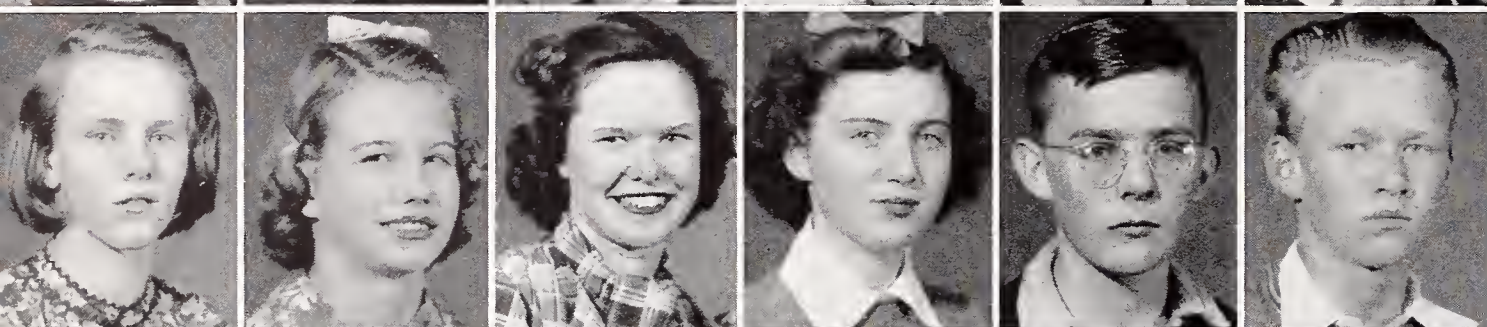




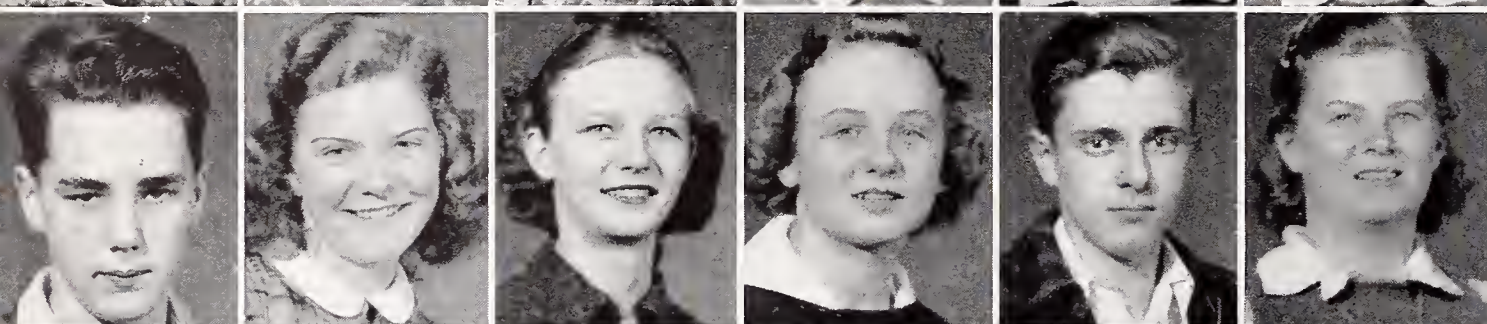
Ruedi, Marjorie  
Savage, Helen  
Schellenberg,  
Margaret  
Schuyler, Jack  
Shannon, Donald  
Shaw, Martha Ann



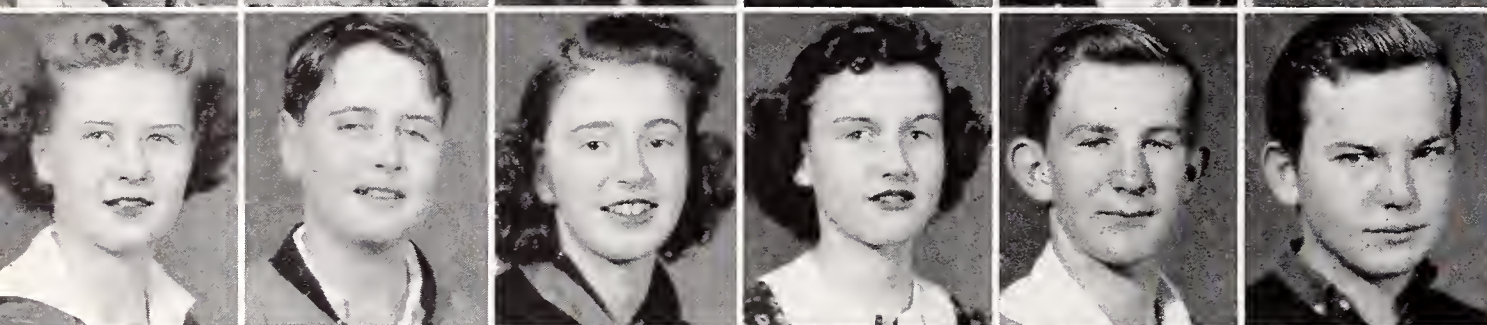
Sholl, Coleman  
Siegfried, Helen  
Simonds, David  
Skillman, Sally  
Smith, Ralph  
Soule, Thomas



Southgate, Lucile  
Spry, Norma  
Starr, Helen May  
Steiner, Helen  
Stelzner, Tom  
Stewart, Donald  
Stirton, Robert



Stewart, Tom  
Stinson, Patricia  
Strachan, Phyllis  
Studebaker, Mary  
Sweeney, William  
Talbot, Celia



Tansley, Muriel  
Taylor, Madison  
Thomas, Dorothy  
Tiernan, Emma Jean  
Tisserand, William  
Tufts, John



Ullrich, Charlotte  
Ward, Beatrice  
Warrington, Barbara  
Watson, Elaine  
Whitaker, Lucille  
White, Marcelline



Whitely, Kathryn  
Whitstone, Dorothy  
Whitnah, Lionel  
Willoughby, Ann  
Wilson, Berton  
Wilson, William  
Wintringham,  
Thomas



Wise, Mary Lynn  
Wisecarver, Clare  
Woodbury, Ruth  
Anne  
Woodhead, Roger  
Woods, David  
Young, Lucy Vera  
Ziegler, James E.



## PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Dear Garfield Boys and Girls—

Another message! Twenty-two times two—this must be my forty-fourth! I should write something new. How shall I begin? Let me see:

“Unnecessary mastication causes undue salivation and—” that doesn't sound exactly new! Try again:

“Rules were made for ALL pupils! Why should you think that you—” once more there is a familiar ring to the words. Try once more:

“W-e-e-ll,” as Garfield pupils usually say when they are stalling for time, about an hour after you receive your report-cards (I hope that all your grades will be A's) on the last day of this semester, the Hennesseys, in their trusty Studebaker (“Don't slam the door, please!”) will be rolling toward Reno (not “Rio”), where they plan to spend Friday night, June 17. Tony will be poised on the back seat, eagerly taking his fourth trip to visit relatives in Wisconsin.

On Saturday morning we shall resume our rolling, across the desert and sage-brush and alkali-plains of Nevada and Utah, through the mountain-highways of Wyoming (“Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play”); then the prairies of South Dakota. We always stop to let Tony have the thrill of chasing the prairie-dogs into their holes, which he does with great earnestness. But he is always annoyed when, as soon as he starts to return to the car, they sit up at the edges of their burrows and wave their handkerchiefs saucily at him. Believe it or—not!

On through the hills and valleys of Minnesota and across the Mississippi into the next best state to California—Wisconsin, of course.

With good luck in travelling and no flat tires (it takes me about a half-day to change one), on Tuesday night, June 21, I shall be sleeping in a room under the eaves in the old farm-house where as a boy I used to lie awake and listen to the whistle of the far-off train, running between Chicago and St. Paul, and wonder whether I should ever be old enough and brave enough to ride on a train—away into the wonderful, mysterious world that lay beyond the hills. Maybe I shall have time, before I fall asleep, to think of the winter nights when I used to cower closer under the bed-clothes as I heard the long, weird howls of the wolves that lurked in the timber-stretches at the edges of the farms.

Half-awake in the morning I may ponder on whether it is my turn or my brother's to get up early and drive the cows in from the pasture to be milked—and hope that it is my brother's. Fully awake, however, I shall realize that on the old farm now there are no cows, or horses, or pigs, or sheep, or chickens, or geese, or noisy guinea-hens, or any of the other interesting animals that were my companions in “childhood's happy hours.”

But my sister, who is there for the summer, writes me that the lettuce and radishes and onions and strawberries are ripe in the garden, so I shall probably get up and gather some for my breakfast. After breakfast I shall get ready to paint the porches. I always paint them, whether they need it or not. My relatives say that when I have finished there is more paint on me than on the porch, but I like to paint porches, and the results are

very satisfactory—if not examined too closely. People have even been known to say, “They look better than before you painted them!!”

A month’s vacation will pass all too quickly. Then we shall have to tell Tony that it is time to head back for California. (He will probably hide under the barn, for he loves the farm—with lots of gophers to chase.)

It will seem very, very strange not to come back to Garfield, but “New occasions teach new duties.” I shall not be very far away—part of the time, at least. If your hard-hearted subject-teachers assign you “home-work,” or a cruel detention-teacher insists upon your company after school when you really should be playing basketball, send me an “S.O.S.”, and I’ll—see what I can do about it.

May you earn and receive the best that life has to offer. God bless you, every one.

*D. L. Hennessey*

## GRADUATION

On Wednesday evening, June 15, two hundred forty-four Garfield High Nines received their certificates of graduation. Marching in to the strains of the processional played by our Garfield orchestra the graduates filled the center section of our auditorium. A Garfield graduation is always an impressive ceremony but this one seemed fraught with special meaning.

Three-minute speeches were given by four “distinguished alumni” of Garfield. Jack Schuyler gave the words of “Welcome,” Lester Hurd presented the class gift and Margaret Schellenberg gave the farewell address.

The graduation certificates were presented by Principal D. L. Hennessey, assisted by Miss Ruth Kidwell, Ninth Grade Counselor.

The invocation was given by Dr. W. S. Morgan. Musical numbers included a vocal solo by Emily Myers, one by Mr. Ferdinand Liotto (a former Garfield teacher), the class songs, and harp selections by Mrs. Dorah O’Neill.

Class Day exercises were held on Thursday, June 16, at nine o’clock in the morning. In the afternoon of the same day the Parent Teachers’ Association gave the usual farewell party to the graduates.

## THE GARFIELD STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Hurrah for the 1938 G. S. A.! Hurrah for the largest membership percentage in history! Hurrah for the rousing Garfield school spirit!

Not appreciating the projects, services, and entertainments carried on by your G. S. A. is liable to a severe punishment—two weeks at picking up stray papers in the halls. So hold your breath and be honest.

Do you appreciate the fact that the public address system has been paid for? Do you know about the work done on Bungalow Seventy-four (commonly called the social hall among the “prims”). Have you enjoyed the dances and programs, profits from which have been used for school activities and further development? If by any chance there are any culprits, report to “Bungalow Ninety-six and two-thirds” for assignments on halls.

SUZANNE HEPPERLE, *High Nine*.





## G. S. A. OFFICERS

*President* . . . . JACK SCHUYLER  
*Vice-President* . . . . LIZANN WOOD  
*Secretary* . . . . SUZANNE HEPPERLE  
*Treasurer* . . . . KEITH GORDON  
*Social Secretary* . . . . LUCY YOUNG  
*Song Leader* . . . . JACK PHILLIPS  
*Yell Leader* . . . . DAVID WOODS

*President Girls' Association*  
 ROBIN HIX  
*President Boys' Association*  
 ALEX INGRAM  
*Girls' Athletic Manager*  
 HELEN JACOVLEFF  
*Boys' Athletic Manager*  
 MERILL CALLOW

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*President* . MARGARET SCHELLENBERG  
*Vice-President* . MARIAN McMILLAN  
*Secretary* . . . . WINBERTA MAH  
*Treasurer* . . . . BOB BAILEY

*L-9 Director* . RICHARD LAUGHLIN  
*Assistant L-9 Director*, BOB NUCKOLLS  
*H-8 Director* . . . . IRMA SELBY  
*L-8 Director* . . . . DICK BACKMAN

## HIGH NINE HONOR SOCIETY MEMBERS

*Five Star*—Shirley Ayres, Betty Barker, Jean Blackburn, Mazie Butts, Patricia Cooley, Mary Jane Eisenhauer, Barbara Engstrom, Shirley Esty, Mary Lou Eveland, Jean Foxall, Jack Fuery, Mary Frances Gardner, Lillian Gehb, June Goforth, Keith Gordon, Joan Hauser, Betty Haven, Robin Hix, Helen Jacovleff, Enid Kellogg, Phoebe Jean MacCaughey, Marilyn Mack, Bertwing Mah, Winberta Mah, Florence Martin, Marian McMillan, Helen Paetzold, Bob Pederson, Jack Phillips, Mary Ramage, Bob Riddle, Gloria Roletto, Helen Savage, Margaret Schellenberg, Clare Wisecarver.

*Four Star*—Jack Atthowe, Bob Bailey, Patricia Brown, Eugenia Isaef, Jane Jones, Marjorie Ruedi, Jack Schuyler, Emma Jean Tiernan, Barbara Warrington.

*Three Star*—Everett Butts, Phyllis Bolte, Richard Carrier, Albert Dowler, Suzanne Hepperle, Shirley Queen, Martha Ann Shaw, Muriel Tansley, Beatrice Ward.

*Two Star*—Barbara Crane, Mary Ann Gowen, Mary Alice Hitchcock, John Olney, Helen Steiner, Tom Stelzner, Celia Talbot.

*One Star*—Worth Butner, Mary Eggen, Robert Fitch, Ann Hartig, Tom Moore, Coleman Sholl, Mary Studebaker.

## HONOR SOCIETY BANQUET

'Twas the night of May 12, 1938. Our Honor Society Banquet! What a magnificent thing it was! We started off with a "bang" with the excellent turkey dinner served by splendid "Able" and "Capable" waiters, who, at a flicker of an eyelash turned into dancing partners. Community singing was indulged in by all present, and we had short speeches by our President, Margaret Schellenberg, and by Mr. Hennessey, Mayor Ament, and Mrs. Hoyt.

Adjourning to the auditorium we heard an excellent program. Jack Fuery and Carol Duttle sang the beautiful duet "Who Are We to Say" from Sigmund Romberg's "Girl of the Golden West." Dorothy Davis sang Tosti's "Serenata". Back to the cafeteria we go, to dance. Some of our "excellent" dancers attempt the "Big Apple" and we show that our class certainly can get "hot." The music was furnished by a fine orchestra and at eleven o'clock, we all said "Good-night."

MARILYN MACK, *High Nine*.

THE LOW EIGHT HONOR SOCIETY enjoyed a delightful picnic and a roller skating party. The picnic was given at Live Oak Park and we had a wonderful time. The roller skating party was held at Rollerland where the members had many an exciting tumble. The Low Eight Honor Society wishes to thank Dick Backman, Low Eight director, Miss Brush, faculty director, for their unselfish efforts in arranging these events.

DOROTHY MICHEL, *Low Eight*.

## THE STUDENT LEADER PARTY

At two-thirty o'clock in Garfield School the bell proclaimed the time for the Student Leader Party. Rushing and running, all eager to be the first ones to enter the cafeteria and receive the hot-dogs, apples, cookies, and cider, these students with the bands of orange on their arms, flew on. It wasn't long before the second helping had been devoured and the students were reluctantly ready to leave that successful student leader party which comes every six weeks for the boys and girls who patrol the school halls.

MARGARET SCHELLENBERG, *High Nine*.

## FROM THE EDITORS

*We, the editors of the GARFIELD GLEANER, are deeply indebted to the various staffs for their coöperation. Miss Stone, we appreciate the time and trouble you have given to making this magazine a success. Mr. Hennessey, we admire your fine leadership and we are happy that we have had the privilege of knowing you and of working with you.*

*Our three years at Garfield have been happy ones and we are sorry to say "au revoir" to the school we have learned to love so well.*

JOAN HAUSER, *High Nine*,  
MARILYN MACK, *High Nine*.



## OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

I saw a little Chinese lad running up a hill,  
I thought it must be Bertwing but it turned out to be Bill.  
I saw little Russian digging up the lawn,  
I thought it was Eugenia but it turned out to be John.  
I saw a little brainstorm tearing out her hair,  
I thought it must be Suzanne but it turned out to be Clare.  
I saw a little cherub dancing like a fairy,  
I thought it must be Jack but it certainly wasn't Mary.  
I saw a little miss, casting angry glances,  
I thought it must be Shirley but it really was Mary Frances.  
I saw a little lunatic acting like a crazy,  
I thought it must be Betty but it turned out to be Mazie.  
I saw a little talker gabbing hot and airy,  
I thought it must be Phyllis but it turned out to be Mary. (B.)  
I saw a little child eating with a spoon,  
I thought it must be Richard but it turned out to be June.  
I saw a little poser stuck up, oh so fairly,  
I thought it must be Barbara but it turned out to be Maryly.  
I saw a little show-off looking rather grim,  
I thought it must be Donald but it turned out to be Jim.  
I saw a little rowdy, with all her might a-yellin',  
I thought it must be Lillian but it turned out to be Helen. (J.)  
I saw a little piggie letting out a squeal,  
I thought it must be Coleman but it really was Lucille.  
I saw a little simpleton as busy as a bee,  
You guessed before I told you, the simpleton was "me"!

HELEN PAETZOLD, *High Nine*.

## NAME IT AND YOU CAN HAVE IT

Do you think *Norma* would be half as *Spry* if *Mary Ann* wore her *Gowans*? *Helen* may be a *Starr* but is *Lois* a *Bloom*? *Everett* always *Butts* in and *Jean* and *June* are the *Goforth* kind. *Richard* may not be a rose, but he's a *Plant*! Is *Lucy* as *Young* as she thinks she is, and is *Helen* half as *Savage* as she makes out? *Betty* offers a *Haven* to all *Batchelders* in trouble! Is *Caroline* a *Hill* and can *Richard* try to *Carrier* if he wants? *Worth* is a *Butner* in *Lorraine's* *Howse*! *Shirley* puts on so many *Ayres* it gives *Nancy* a *Payne*. *Roger* isn't dumb but he can't deny he's a *Wood-head*. Is *Bob* as big a *Riddle* as he makes out? If *Dorothy* can *Dodge*, can *Kenneth Hack* weeds? Can *Dorothy Fry* *Mary's Eggins*? *Tom* isn't *Moore Wise* than *Mary*. Has *Donald* any *Power* with the ladies, and will *Robert* ever *Murray*? Can *Robert* use *Fitch's* shampoo on *Melvin's* hair *Roots*? Won't *Irene Neill* when *Charles* gets on the *Dole*! Is *Tom* as good a *Walker* as *Edwin* can *Reed*? *Alice* is just as much a *Coward* as *Mary Frances* is a *Gardner*. *Roger* is *Long* but *William's Hansen*! *Roscoe Byrnes* every time *Jimmy Neills* to him. Will *Mary* buy a *Studebaker* and *Margery* a *Dodge*, *Chester* a *Lincoln*, *Dorothy* a *Graham*?

CELIA TALBOT, *High Nine*.



GARFIELD  
JUNIOR HIGH  
SCHOOL





## MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GARFIELD

When I was quite tiny (and often very naughty) my mother, who grew tired of monotonous scoldings, invented various people who carried on the good work. There was Mrs. Gregory who laid down the law in no uncertain terms, and there was the Lunch Inspector, who came to improve our table manners and to see that we ate as artistically as possible, all of everything. While this enchanting process was in progress she beguiled us with stories of her three children who excelled in perfection itself, although they were endowed with the oddest names, Harem, Scarem and Bearem.

On the gloomy side the Lunch Inspector made the direct predictions about what would happen to children whose manners did not improve, and indeed the conclusion of them all was that such children would come to a bad, a very bad, end in an orphan asylum! This orphan asylum I assumed to be the group of buildings known as Garfield!

Now, being an inmate, I regard Garfield in a very different light. It is a delight to be "an orphan" in such a friendly and pleasant atmosphere, and I'm afraid that had I known in those far-off days what fun it is to be "an inmate" of Garfield I would never have worried so diligently on those elusive table manners.

JOAN HOWELL, *Low Seven*.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GARFIELD AS CONFESSED BY OUR SCRUBS

A maze of rooms.—Patricia Powers.

A long walk in the morning and a lot of home work at night.—Nancy Reid.

A large and complicated school.—Bernice Hink.

Nice teachers.—Allene Gordon.

Good exercise in the gym and long hours in school.—Paul Larson.

Plenty of fun.—John Rose.

The feeling of a needle in a haystack.—Dorothea Bartlett.

Efficient student leaders.—Pat Brown.

The swell principal.—Roger Gale.

A different teacher for each class. Donald Cook.

Two floors and lots of doors.—Julia Anderson.

Good food in the cafeteria.—Dorothy Hind.

Lots of things to do.—Doris White.

Detention if you're tardy.—George Swift.

The feeling of an ant in an ant hill.—Constance Lee.

A fine auditorium.—Virginia Grether.

A honey of a track field.—Albert Kass.

Grand counselors to help you.—Lois Morrison.

A chance to win honors.—Mary Carolyn Mallory.

Interesting assemblies.—Ruth Johnson.

A fine music department.—Dorothy Moody.

Long halls.—Vera Stoeckle.

A good chance to practice the Golden Rule.—Ray Sickler, *Low Seven*.



## **“C”, “F” AND “D” TAKE A HOLIDAY**

It was Monday morning in the Ancient History class. The teacher's grade book opened to a new page. “C,” “F,” and “D” were discussing the plight of being closed in a book all day, when “C” declared that he was not going to stand it any longer. His companions agreed that they did not like being over-worked either, so they then decided to take a holiday, and give “A” and “B” a chance.

The three grades jumped out of the book and hid under the inkwell. Soon the class came in, and the teacher started asking questions. First Jane recited. “Not very good,” thought the teacher, and started to write a “C” in her book, but to her surprise out of the pen came a beautiful “B.” She erased, tried once more, and once again out of the pen came a beautiful “B.”

“Why I never,” she declared aloud, “Mary, will you please continue where Jane left off?” “Hm-m-m, that’s about a ‘C,’” thought the teacher, and started to write it in her book, but lo, try hard as she would, all her pen could write was “A.”

“Extraordinary,” murmured the teacher. Finally she called upon a boy who was usually unprepared. “Well, at least I can give him an ‘F’ ”. But instead out of the teacher’s pen each time would slide a lovely round “B.”

At last the bell rang and the teacher and class departed. “C,” “F,” and “D” slightly ink-smudged but delightfully happy, crept back and settled themselves once more in the Ancient History teacher’s grade book.

MARYLY KLING, *High Nine*.

## **A RAINY DAY AT GARFIELD**

I see the noisy playground with boys playing and shouting at the top of their lungs. Behind them is the grey gymnasium with the smoke curling lazily from the chimney. The sky is dark with the passing clouds, and the sun is trying in vain to break through and flood the earth with the light from its rays. Some birds are flying straight toward the South. The school building stands dark and solemn. Houses on the hillside show the shadow of an airplane flying far above. The field is a rain-soaked mass of mud and the playground is still wet from last night’s rain.

ALAN STRAUS, *Low Nine*.

## **A DOG’S LIFE**

They call me Snappy, those Garfield children. I especially like the boys who always pat me, but there is one girl who is fond of me too. These nice friends always give me some delicious, warm food. I wonder who the nice cook is? Some teachers are very nice; others don’t seem to like me, they always want me to leave the won’t let the children pat me. Somewhere outside of the building proper are three little bungalows, which produce delightful sounds. I think they call it music. Garfield children are very nice. If they only knew that I was without a home perhaps they would adopt me. Ah! What is that buzzing noise? Oh yes, it’s time for a little bite. I think I’ll head for the cafeteria before my rival does. My opponent is Dinah. Somehow she always seems to get better attention than I do. That is because I am so small and Dinah is so big. But there is no time to lose. There is the door over there. “Thank you,” I said, as the door opened just in time for me to get in. Where are all those dogs going? What! No dogs allowed, now? What a dog’s life!

BERTWING MAH, *High Nine*.



## THESE HECTIC MORNINGS

A quarter to eight and I'm not even dressed yet. Mother! Have you seen my watch? Yes, I looked in the drawer. No, I haven't got it on! You know I never put it in the box. I know that's what it's made for, but—never mind, it was on my desk. Well, now for breakfast. Ugh! Oat meal! No, I'm not an Indian; I just don't like mush. What? My slip shows? About three feet? Don't be silly. I guess it does. I'll pin up the hem. No, that's all the breakfast I can eat. Whooie! Who got soap on my toothbrush? It must be that new toothpaste. All set now. Goodbye! Five after eight. I wonder if I'll make it. Oh! My lunch! Now where's my key? I just forgot my lunch! Goodbye! Puff! Puff! Whew! I did it in ten minutes flat. I wonder where everyone is. Maybe I am late. No, my advisory's locked. Ulp! What's that on the blackboard? "Remember! School starts at 9:00 tomorrow. Don't be late."

CLAUDIA MURPHY, *Low Nine*.

## JUDGMENT

A gawky, awkward youth of fourteen slowly shuffled down the shaded street. He was the perfect picture of despair, with his head bent down and his freckled face staring at the pavement, along which he dragged a ragged bamboo pole. He walked thoughtfully, as if he were in trouble, trouble that will make his young heart stand still when the droning voice of his judge will sentence him to some horrible punishment.

In his right rear pocket bulged a white envelope. From time to time he took it out and shuffled the contents. Then it would be placed back in the same place and his soul would plunge into greater depths of despair. The outward sign was the bamboo pole, which occasionally would hit a tree or some other object.

Finally and reluctantly he reached a modest home. He opened the door silently and crept stealthily across the room, to a desk, fearing discovery by the stern judge. Quickly and quietly he returned outside, as if to retreat from that horrible fate. The fate of his report cards.

BOB NUCKOLLS, *Low Nine*.

## THE SPOKANE SPECIAL

Down the track roars the Spokane Special. Around corners, through tunnels, up hills, down hills, flashing by like silver lightning.

According to the schedule set by the company's president, Mr. Donald B. Cameron, the train must reach Spokane by eight and already it is seven-fifty-six and there are still ten miles to go. Around the next corner is the automobile-crossing which is dreaded by all the engineers of the Spokane to Los Angeles Railroad. Not a month ago three persons, whose car stalled on the tracks, were killed by this very train.

Now the train roars around the corner. There's a car on the tracks stalled! They can't stop! They're going to hit it! Crash! Boom! Bang!

"Gee, dad, it's lots of fun playing with this model electric train, but that little "tootsitoy" car was smashed," said Donald B. Cameron to his father.

DONALD A. HISCOX, *Low Nine*.



### ***The Ever Restless Sand Dunes***

*The ever restless sand dunes  
Are on the move again,  
And o'er them travel slowly  
A band of weary men.*

*Brave Abas is their leader;  
From Iran the band has come  
To change their spices in Egypt  
For corn and a goodly sum.*

*They camp that night on the desert  
Beneath the starry sky;  
The cold, dark night encloses them,  
Unaware the danger nigh.*

*That night there comes o'er the desert  
A roving Arab band,  
Wild at the sudden intrusion  
On their own camping land.*

*Among the the sleeping campers  
They send their best marksman  
With instructions to kill the leader,  
The Chief of the enemy clan.*

*Tired Abas is still sleeping  
When out of the cold and dark  
The bowman takes aim precise,  
The arrow falls to its mark.*

*The ever restless sand dunes  
Are on the move again,  
And o'er them travel sadly  
A band of guideless men.*

BEVERLY ANN HOWE, *Low Eight.*

### ***Panorama***

*Like a marble pedestal, Coit Tower rises from the city;  
From its wind-stung top, one late afternoon  
My eyes viewed the far-flung panorama  
Bounded by near-surrounding hills and the sea.  
Below me, following the lines of the Bay,  
Wharves could be seen with the endless activity of  
The unloading of wares from distant ports.  
At my back, the setting sun was vividly reflected  
By countless windows of skyscrapers which towered  
Above the streets, where crowds were moving homeward.  
To the north, the slopes of the rolling Marin hills  
Were purpled by the shadows.  
And eastward the hills of Berkeley silhouetted the horizon.  
In the Bay, fleet sailboats rode the wave while  
Sluggish ferries plowed their way beneath  
The massive roadway above the waters.  
In a few short hours, only glimmering lights  
Will mark these scenes of varied beauty.*

DONALD CUNY, *Low Nine.*



### ***The River***

*He starts as a rivulet, high in the hills  
His beginning is feeble, yet onward he trills,  
Growing stronger as downward he flows,  
Launched on adventure, seaward he goes.*

*Now joining other streams, rippling along,  
At last a real river, having joined the throng.  
Through fertile valleys, through canyons deep,  
No time to stop, no time to sleep.*

*Foaming and frothing he goes on his way,  
Never to rest. It's work and not play.  
Down, down the mountain, down toward the plain,  
Through rocky gorges, new speed does he gain.*

*Now he's enormous, and still roaring on.  
If you will listen, you'll hear his song.  
He sings of the winds, and the weather he's seen,  
Also, he sings of the cliff and ravine.*

*Then, quietly flowing, his journey's end near,  
The sound of the ocean, he's eager to hear.  
The perilous journey at last it is o'er,  
The ocean now welcomes him, with gladsome roar.*

BARBARA ROTERMUND, *Low Seven.*

### ***The Sunset***

*The sunset's colors of crimson hue  
Cast shadows on the waters blue;  
With pebbles glistening on the sand,  
And ships glide in from every land.*

*The colors very bright and true,  
As they shine on waters blue  
Seem to say the day is done,  
And it's time to quit our fun.*

*As the shades both dark and light  
Fade away into the night;  
Then the tired and sleepy sun  
Feels that its day's work is done.*

MARJORIE MORRIS, *Low Nine.*

### ***The Captain's Ship***

*The albatrosses wing their way  
Across this rock-bound strip of land,  
Upon the beach a schooner lay  
Deserted on this lonely strand.*

*The stormy waves are madly lashing  
O'er its beaten hull of steel,  
The bow against a rock is crashing  
The captain's ship, once so real.*

KENNETH NATTRESS, *Low Nine.*



## THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE

The beautiful lake was emerald green, that day, without a cloud in sight. The water was covered with little smooth ripples. The fish were swimming around, contented, as if they had no worries at all. The lake was surrounded by high mountains, the pine trees on the mountains swayed gently in the soft breeze. Even the birds in the trees seemed happy. Who wouldn't be happy that day? It was the first day of June!

WILLIAM FAY, *Low Nine*.

### **Spring**

*Spring is here again,  
The birds their carols sing again,  
From early morn till late at night  
Our feathered friends do bring delight.*

*Spring is here again,  
The flowers are in bloom again,  
Narcissus and carnations,  
Violets and nasturtiums,  
Spring. How glad we are to greet you once again.*

ROBERT KELLENER, *Low Nine*.

### **Shadows**

*Did you ever see a shadow fall,  
At night when tucked in bed,  
That was reflected on the wall,  
Of some bad burglar's head?*

*And when you woke up in the morn,  
You were surprised to see,  
That it was only the toy horn,  
Of little Brother Lee.*

*And how relieved you were to find  
That all the fearful sights,  
Were just the big old trees behind  
The twinkle of the lights.*

ELIZABETH DENTON, *Low Nine*.

### **Myself and I**

<i>We are always together,</i>	<i>To jump the rope,</i>
<i>We're never apart;</i>	<i>Or fly a kite;</i>
<i>We even sleep together,</i>	<i>These are the things</i>
<i>And talk softly</i>	<i>That we both like.</i>
<i>In the dark.</i>	<i>If some day we</i>
<i>We like the things</i>	<i>Decide to part,</i>
<i>Each other likes,</i>	<i>And not talk softly in the dark,</i>
<i>To fish or swim</i>	<i>And not like grandma's apple pie,</i>
<i>Or ride a bike,</i>	<i>Then I would not be myself and I.</i>

ISABEL COXHEAD, *High Eight*.



### ***My World at Night***

*The stars up in the dark blue sky  
Gleam like diamonds. Oh, so bright!  
But as I lie here, by and by,  
They will vanish from my sight.  
I drift into another world.  
Oh, so peaceful and so sweet!  
There all my troubles are unfurled,  
And all my friends I seem to meet.  
It seems to me that life could be  
Almost like this world at night,  
If people would but try and see  
That wrong is wrong and right is right.*

NANCY SCHUYLER, *Low Nine.*

### ***A Man-Made Wonder***

*Stretching up into the cloud,  
Towers the high and mighty span,  
While below, the mingling crowd,  
Eyes up-turned, in wonder, stand.*

*Then upon the distant shore,  
Other eyes in wonder see,  
What was once just future lore,  
Their own bridge has come to be.*

PHYLLIS LINDLEY, *Low Nine.*

### ***The Bay Bridge***

*Have you ever seen the bridge  
At twilight from the ridge?  
The sun sinking down behind the hill,  
And everything is so quiet and still.  
The glistening lights and twinkling stars,  
And the silver moon shining from afar.  
I hope you have seen the bridge  
At twilight from the ridge.*

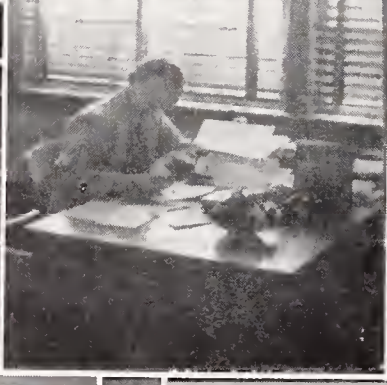
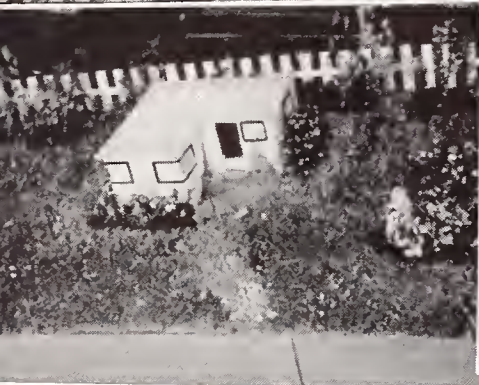
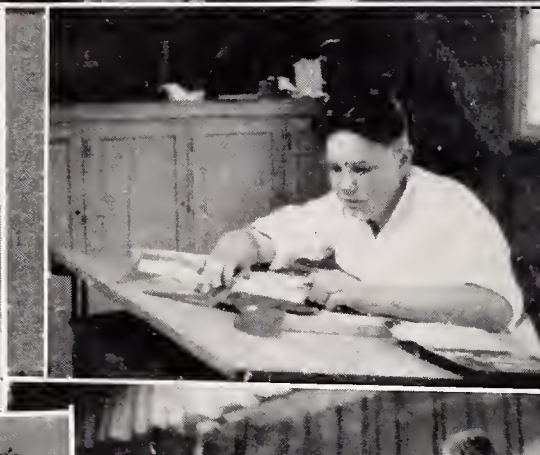
BILL CARTER, *Low Nine.*

### ***When Daddy Walks With Bea and Me***

<i>When Daddy</i>	<i>I stretch</i>
<i>Walks</i>	<i>My legs so far</i>
<i>With Bea and me</i>	<i>I nearly slip</i>
<i>We have a</i>	<i>And fall—</i>
<i>Lot of fun</i>	<i>But how</i>
<i>'Cause we can't</i>	<i>Does Daddy</i>
<i>Walk as fast</i>	<i>Take such steps?</i>
<i>As he,</i>	<i>He doesn't stretch</i>
<i>Unless we</i>	<i>At all!</i>
<i>Skip and run!</i>	

MARJORIE GORGES, *Low Eight.*











### ***Fido's Lesson***

*Fido peeped into the kitchen,  
Not a person was in sight.  
With mincing steps approached the table,  
Not just sure that this was right.  
Then a scent assailed his nostrils,  
And they quivered eagerly.  
Now more boldly he pranced forward,  
Toward this tempting mystery.  
Up he trotted to the table,  
Smelled a pot of steaming broth,  
Tried with stubby paws to reach it,  
Fiercely seized the table cloth.  
Then the world crashed down upon him,  
Breaking dishes! What a din!  
Hot soup splashing all around him.  
Suddenly, the cook walked in.  
Fido made off for the doorway.  
Pots and pans around him spun.  
Luckily the door was open,  
And he ran as ne'er he'd run.  
Now he's sulking in his kennel,  
Munching on an old dry bone.  
Fido now has learned his lesson,  
That all things are not his own.*

MARY RAMAGE, *High Nine*.

### ***Lunch Period***

<i>Running feet, Going to eat; All in a bunch Headed for lunch.</i>	<i>Now all's fine, Going to dine! Finishes food, In a good mood.</i>
<i>Waiting in line, Hunting a dime: Isn't so funny, Can't find the money?</i>	<i>Goes out to play, Everyone's gay; Down he fell, Then the bell.</i>

BOB FITCH, *High Nine*.

### ***My Alarm Clock***

*I wind my alarm clock every night  
To get me out of bed,  
And when it rings with all its might,  
I wish that I were dead.  
During the week-ends I have fun  
For then my alarm clock does not run.  
But after all what could I do  
Without an alarm to say "Skidoo"?*

MARJORIE MERRILL, *High Eight*.



### ***Ob! A Hat***

*I bought a hat the other day  
That looked just like a bale of hay,  
It had a feather on the top,  
That looked just like our kitchen mop.*

*I asked a friend how it looked.  
She laughed and said, "Can't it be cooked?"  
I said, "No! No! It's all the style,  
It's what they call "The Old Hay Pile!"*

GERALDINE DOUGHERTY, *Low Nine*.

### ***So What?***

<i>There was a little girl</i>	<i>He wrote a little note</i>
<i>And she had a little smile,</i>	<i>And he made a little slip,</i>
<i>She sent it to a little boy</i>	<i>And they both went together</i>
<i>Across a little aisle.</i>	<i>On a little office trip.</i>

GERALDINE DOUGHERTY, *Low Nine*.

### **HATS**

Waiting for the concert to begin, I looked around at the audience amazed at the ladies' hats. Some looked like insulators on power poles, while others reminded me of flower gardens. As one lady turned around, I thought surely she must be a Salvation Army lassie in her new bonnet style hat, but at a second glance I noticed she had a row of flowers underneath the brim. Another called to mind that old song, "That Naughty Little Bird on Nellie's Hat." All you could see was a feather. Was that a live chicken flying around? No, just a hat, come to life, that was on the cover of last month's "Vogue." The flower garden hats, made me wonder if some of the flowers might not be real. I thought I recognized varieties of roses that grow in our back yard. It was an international display of hats, Mexican sombreros to Chinese coolie hats.

MARGARET MCLEAN, *Low Nine*.

### ***Sleepless Night***

<i>Oh! you toss and you moan.</i>	<i>The darkness compares</i>
<i>The owls near your home</i>	<i>With the worst of nightmares,</i>
<i>Seem to incessantly hoot and screech.</i>	<i>As you toss and tumble and groan,</i>
<i>You can't seem to sleep,</i>	<i>Your sheets meanwhile creep</i>
<i>Your dreams make you weep,</i>	<i>To the floor in a heap,</i>
<i>And shiver in spite of the heat.</i>	<i>And when you do sleep, there's the phone.</i>

*Oh! you dream of pretty clouds,  
Or else of ghastly shrouds,  
And the horrible phantoms of night.  
And your dreams are such,  
That you wonder much,  
If your weary brain is all right.*

ROBERT J. EVANS, *Low Nine*.







## DRAMATICS

"All the world's a stage," has certainly been true in Garfield this semester. More Katherinas and Hermias have tripped across our "celebrated" stage than ever before.

Mrs. Archer's English class presented scenes from Shakespeare's fiery comedy "The Taming of the Shrew." Ann Martius was the hot-tempered Katherina, and it was the job of Roscoe Byrns, Petruchio, to tame her. In the supporting cast were: Berton Wilson, Mary Studebaker, Tom Stelzner, Roger Woodhead, Bob Ottesen, Jack Schuyler, and Alex Ingram.

One of the next performances on our stage was given by Mrs. Dyson's class. Scenes from "Master Skylark" (a tale of Shakespeare's time) were presented with Barbara Dunbar, Albert Dowler, Shirley Esty, Bob Fitch, and Marilyn Mack in the leading roles. Jack Fuery sang the "Peddler's Song" as he peddled his "lovely" wares. Mary Frances Gardner, Bill Loomis, and Jack Fuery presented a scene from "As You Like It."

Miss Patton's High Niners dramatized for us "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Irene Neill, Ann Hartig, and Dave Woods carrying away the honors.

From Mrs. Mahoney's class comes another "Taming of the Shrew." Jean Foxall is shown as Kate the untamed, and Robin Hix is the tamed, docile, and obedient Katherine. Bob Riddle and Blake Beauchamp were the two Petrucios. They were ably assisted by Betty Grannell, Roger Long, Dan Rader, Jack Folsom, Madison Taylor, Andrea de Grassi, and Margaret Schellenberg.

"Wienies on Wednesday" was the title given to one of the two one-act plays presented by Mrs. Bagnall's Thespians. In the leading roles were Keith Gordon, Jane Jones, Kenneth Hack, Maria Moffett, and Dorothy Graham who covered themselves with glory.

The other play took place in "Tulip Land." Lucy Young was the pretty Dutch miss, Enid Kellogg, her kind nurse, Donald Stewart, the father, and John Kelsey, the young lover "just home from Paris."

All in all, Garfield is said to have produced literally thousands of Katherine Cornells, Lynn Fontanes and Alfred Lunts, and after seeing the fine acting done this semester by our "very" distinguished High Nines, I have no reason to doubt it.

MARILYN MACK, *High Nine*.

## TAG DAY

Tags swinging from ears, hanging on belts, waving from buttons! In fact tags everywhere on Garfield's semi-annual Tag Day. A resulting sum of \$42.50 will be given to a scholarship for a former Garfield student.

### *Morning in May*

*Stars of the night fade away,  
As the sun brings forth a new day.  
The flowers unfold,  
And their pretty cups hold,  
The dew of a morning in May.*

ROBERT R. EVANS, *Low Nine*.





## ASSISTANTS

LIBRARY ASSISTANTS receive valuable training from Miss Patton and Mrs. Bellus. They assist them by stamping books and permits, by shelving books, and by collecting overdue fines. These students are very valuable to the school and receive good training for the future.

NURSE'S ASSISTANTS assist our nurse, Miss Foster, in many ways. They are able to aid in the treating of minor injuries, and among other things they run errands, and guard over the patients in the rest rooms. Miss Foster is a good instructor for these future nurses.

ATTENDANCE ASSISTANTS seem to enjoy themselves running errands for Miss Nelson. There are also other duties which are not quite so pleasant such as collecting absence slips and tallying the absentees.

OFFICE ASSISTANTS are a great help to Miss Cannon as well as to all of the Counselors. They answer telephone calls, run errands, keep files, and give general information. It is indeed excellent training for them.

SHIRLEY ESTY, *High Nine.*

"THE STAMP CLUB is an up and coming organization, interesting and educational, teaching geography, history and world news," says Miss Fisk. Members give talks and conduct contests where stamps are given as prizes. Occasionally outsiders are invited to speak. Mr. Hayden of the Globe Stamp Company is going to inspect the individual albums. The Club has had exhibits; subscribed for a stamp magazine for the library; and purchased a stamp album. The officers are: Don Gerber, President; Phillip Johnson, Vice-President; Tom Wintringham, Secretary-Treasurer.



THE GOLF CLUB is flourishing. From an interview with Mr. Boehne we learned that golf instruction during the formative years implants the fundamentals of the swing, grip, and timing, which is never entirely forgotten. Golf Club members are: Barbara Hauser, Kathryn Murphy, Margaret McFarland, Mary Ramage, David Ramusen, Phyllis Lindley, Phyllis Standish and Tim Meadows. The prize players are David Ramusen and Phyllis Lindley.

THE RIDING CLUB is one of the fascinating hobbies recruiting members from our student body. This group gathers weekly at the Athens Riding Academy. The beginners' class includes lessons in form, with occasional pleasure riding. The advanced class rides in the ring. "Come out and join the club," says Mrs. Davis, "and see how much fun you'll have!"

PRISCILLA NOBLE, *Low Eight.*

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, with forty-one members under Mrs. Weed's supervision, is busily writing letters to all parts of the world. Some of us have already received letters and postcards from France, Hawaii, England, Sweden, Australia, and Germany. Other members hope to find correspondents in Scotland, Holland, India, Canada, and the Malay States. There are Garfield graduates in Berkeley High and in University High who are still corresponding with these friends in other lands.

DOROTHY WHITESTONE, *Low Nine.*

## OFFICERS OF DADS OF GARFIELD

*President*, Percy E. Coward.

*Secretary*, Arthur Craig.

*Vice-President*, I. P. Robinson.

*Treasurer*, Frank W. Pusey.

## OFFICERS, PARENT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

*President*, Mrs. A. Crum.

*Treasurer*, Mrs. S. Goldeen.

*First Vice-President*, Mrs. G. Hecox.

*Auditor*, Mrs. A. McKillap.

*Second V.-President*, Mrs. C. Tinkler.

*Historian*, Mrs. A. Kessler.

*Recording Secretary*, Mrs. W. Hansen.

*Parliamentarian*, Mrs. A. Willoughby.

*Corresponding Secty.*, Mrs. H. Hadley.

*Delegate to Council*, Mrs. O. Pederson.

*Financial Secretary*, Mrs. L. Murphy.

To the Dads and the Parent Teachers' Association a split-six from the G. S. A. We appreciate you.



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB furnishes exceptional opportunities under the direction of Mrs. Lois Young. The sixty-five members have given concerts at Open House and at the Calvary Congregational Church. The greatest fun was singing over KLX, May 21. Beatrice Ward is the secretary.

THE A CAPPELLA CHOIR directed by Mrs. Iva Smith, is one of the most successful Garfield activities. The Choir has given concerts for the P. T. A., Open House, Lions Club, Veterans Hospital at Livermore, Old People's Home at Hayward, and at The Women's City Club in Oakland.

THE BOYS' GLEE is directed by our new and much liked teacher, Miss Skinner. The Club has fifty-five members. They have sung several places including Open House.

THE GARFIELD BAND directed by Mr. Minzyk is one of the institutions in which we take great pride. The band played for P. T. A., for Open House and at the Berkeley High School.

THE ORCHESTRA, also directed by Mr. Minzyk, is appreciated by everyone, including the members. It, too, played for P. T. A. and Open House.

MARY HITCHCOCK, *High Nine*.

THE MUSIC DIVISION OF THE COMMITTEE ON SPECIAL ABILITIES has for its chairman our own Mrs. Smith, and has this town had music! Piano scales, voice arpeggios, saxophone sobs, clarinet cadenzas, flute "fillips" have rent the early morning air in Berkeley's quiet streets.

Each Elementary School gave a program featuring the specially gifted. Each Junior High School gave a talent concert at which students of music from the local Elementary Schools were special guests.

With the aid of Miss Maybelle Wilson (our new supervisor of music) students were chosen from each concert and in conjunction with high school talent gave a grand concert in the High School Auditorium, May 24th. Garfield was represented in the vocal field by Erwin Bofinger, Dorothy Davis, Carol Duttle, Jim Farrell, Emma Honer and Emily Meyers. Our talented pianists, Jean Foxall, Margaret Schellenberg, Mary Towne and Reed Stone were the accompanists.

### ***A Parting Thought***

*We are the joyful Seniors;  
But 'neath our happy songs  
There's a little touch of sadness  
Where all the mirth belongs.*

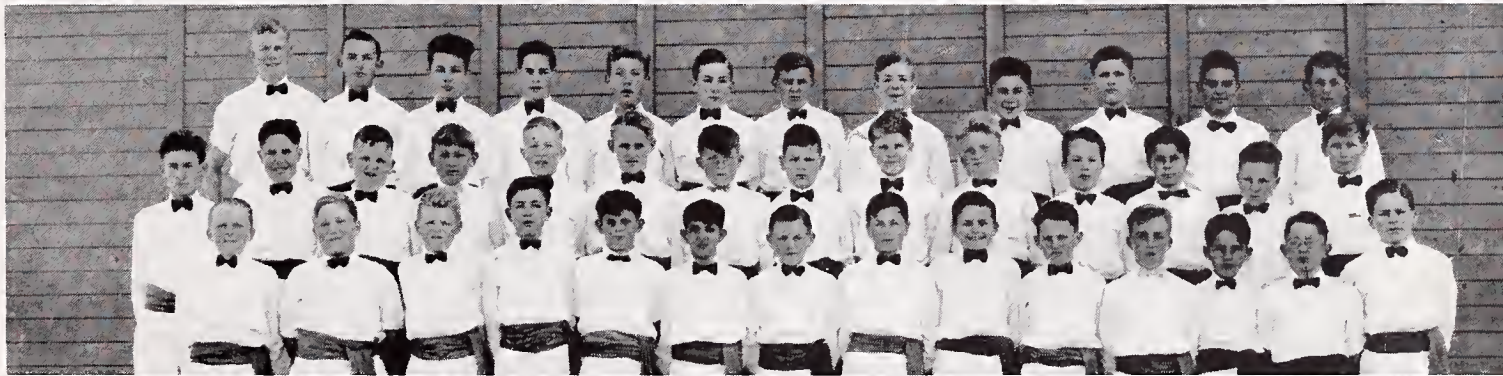
*There'll be days of falling rain  
In years to come, we know,  
But Garfield's thought will be the sun  
To chase away the woe.*

*And when we reach the climax,  
The height of golden fame;  
We'll think of Garfield as the match  
Lighting career's long flame.*

CELIA TALBOT, *High Nine*.



*Norma C. Campbell*



*Bonnie Evans*



## BASEBALL

The most successful game the Lions have played this year was snowing under the Campanile Post Nine at a score of 14 to 6. Another outstanding victory was taking a seven to three game from Post Seven.

We had three pitchers in shape this season: Atthowe, Ingram, and Samuelson. Other outstanding players were: Callow, McDonald, and Hawley. The schedule included: Post Seven, Campanile Post, Rotary, 20-30 Club, and Corso's Hardware. The team was coached by "Pete" Corley, with Art Hughes as manager and ball chaser.

The players were: Ingram, Gerber, McDonald, Hawley, Woods, Samuelson, Mervin, Phillips, Atthowe, Callow, Kami, Lee, Fish, Laughlin, Morgan, and Beauchamp.

BOB MORGAN, *High Nine*.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL

This year's basketball season was marked by one of the best turnouts ever witnessed at Garfield. Four teams, the 85's, 105's, 115's, and the Unlimiteds blazed their way through a victorious season under the capable coaching of H. P. Corley and Frank Lumpe. Despite a bad start in which the Unlimiteds lost two games to Albany, only five other games were lost during the entire season. The 115's made a brilliant start by defeating the Crockett team 31-26, and next defeating Williard in a three-minute overtime.

Little Jimmy Robinson led his 95 pound team mates to victory this season. In the first game with Willard, Robinson chalked up 8 of the 18 points made by Garfield during the game. Scoring honors for the 105's were shared by Jim Farrell, forward, and Richard Chase, center. Outstanding at guard position were Larry Somers and Gilbert Bracken. Outstanding scorers for the 115's were Bill Madeira, forward; George Fox, forward, and Gene Samuelson, center. Excellent work at the guard position was turned in by Dave Neilson and Harvey Chandler.

The Unlimited Division boasted many stars. Jack Atthowe, Alec Ingram, and Merrill Callow were outstanding high-score men at forward. Flashy work at center was turned in by Bob Borden, ably seconded by Jack Phillips and Jack Schuyler. Two Low Nine boys, Bill Strehl and Dan Mervin gave sterling performances at guard. Also turning in good work were Forward, Charles Dole; Forward, Don Holly; Guard, Blake Beauchamp; Guard, Alan Lee; Guard, Lee McDonald; and Guard, Bill Ross.

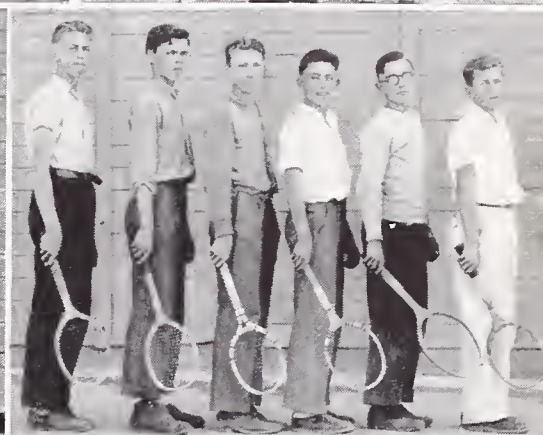
BOB BORDEN, *High Nine*.

## THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The National Convention of The Junior Red Cross was held in San Francisco the first week of May. This was the first Junior Red Cross convention ever held this side of the Rockies. Our fortunate delegates were Suzanne Hepperle, Helen Jacovleff, Betty Haven, Joan Hauser, Kenneth Baird, Kieth Gordon, Bob Pedersen, Jack Schuyler, and Jack Fuery, who had the honor of being one of the chairmen.

Mr. Hennessey is a member of the Executive Board, Berkeley Chapter of Red Cross, and Vice-Chairman of Junior Red Cross Chapter.







## GARFIELD'S FIELD DAY, MAY 8

For the girls, Field Day was a record breaker. Garfield has not produced so many feminine athletes for many years.

### *Relays*

<i>Records Broken or Tied</i>	<i>New Record</i>	<i>Old Record</i>
L7—Mrs. Droitcour's Advisory . . . .	1:07.5	1:07.5
H7—Mrs. Shriver's Advisory . . . .	1:03	1:04.6
L8—Mr. Lawson's Advisory . . . .	1:01.3	1:03.8
H8—Miss Lauren's Advisory . . . .	:54.2	1:01.5
L9—Mrs. Gavin's Advisory . . . .	1:03.2	1:03.5

### *Dashes*

105 lb. 75 yard—Marylin Sheppard . . .	:09.3	:09.5
85 lb. 50 yard—Betty Grannell . . . .	:06.4	:06.5

### *Basketball Throw (85-lb.)*

Fay Harris . . . . .	54:4	54
Jane Mitchell . . . . .	58:0	54
Betty Grannell . . . . .	57:0	54

### *High Jump*

85 lb.—Beth Meaker . . . . .	3:10	3:10
95 lb.—Madelyn Miller . . . . .	4:1	4:2
Peggy Dowling . . . . .	4:1	4:2
105 lb.—Annette Brendel . . . . .	4:0	4:0

### *95 lb. Broad Jump*

Ardeen Parkinson . . . . .	8:3	7:9
----------------------------	-----	-----

With but two lettermen, David Woods and Lee McDonald, entering the competition, Garfield Field Day was pronounced a “great success” by us.

The most spectacular race of the day was the unlimited 50 yard dash, with Dave Woods, winner, in a close race: time 6:1. Kenneth Baird took second, with almost “photo-finish.” Relay honors went to the L9 team of Kami, Hamilton, Lloyd, and Kellerer who crossed the finish line first in the excellent time of 53:2. Still breathless from his win in the 50 yard dash, Woods claimed honors as Garfield’s “iron man” by easily out-distancing the field in taking the quarter mile event. Winner in the 105 pound classification was Kami, who was followed in victory by Vincent Triggs, who took the 115 pound class 440 in 63:1. Triggs also won the 75 yard dash, time 9:4.

Garfield’s 1200 students turned out to witness the Field Day to see more than seventy-five tracksters perform in 18 separate events.

BOB BORDEN, *High Nine*.





## THE GARFIELD SPIRIT

Did you know that the Garfield Spirit is responsible for the Gym of today, the bleachers, the stage, the amplifying system and for numberless other projects that have made the real Garfield?

In 1921, there was no Gym. In 1922 the Board of Education appropriated from the year's building income \$7,600 to build the frame of a new gymnasium. But the lighting, the painting, piping, plumbing, showers, surfacing, in fact equipment costing nearly \$3,000 was financed by the Garfield Spirit.

Mr. Hennessey, the faculty, the P. T. A. (there was no Dad's Club then), the Alumni Association, friends and as always eager Garfieldites found ways and means (as they have in so many instances since) and the Garfield Gymnasium was completed.

Quoting from a letter by the Garfield Building Committee of September 13, 1923:

"Philip is a bright-eyed, active, twelve-year-old boy, in the Eighth Grade at Garfield School. You may have seen him after school hours or on Saturdays selling papers in front of one of the banks on Shattuck Avenue. Very proudly and happily on the opening day of school this term Philip brought to the principal a pocket-book bulging with nickels, dimes and quarters—five dollars in all—his contribution to the new Garfield Gymnasium, earned, a penny or two at a time, during vacation, the profits on his newspaper sales."

And that is the Garfield Spirit.



## BOY SCOUT CAMPOREE IN TILDEN PARK

(From "Chatter")

The Boy Scouts of Berkeley and Albany held their annual Camporee May 21 and May 22 in Tilden Park. The camping was done on a patrol basis. The Sea Scouts took part. The scouts came in uniform and prepared camp upon arrival. There was a campfire in the evening and entertainment. The parents and friends of the scouts were invited to visit and see how the camping, cooking, etc., are done. At the last Camporee which was held in Tilden Park, there were bead-work, flagging, handicraft, and other demonstrations. Cloth badges were given to each scout and pennants to the patrols.

Berkeley is fortunate to have a regional park in which to camp. The Charles Lee Tilden Park is a beautiful park, and eleven camp and picnic areas are scattered among its 2500 acres. Some of the most interesting points are: Big Spring Camp, Camp Laurel, Camp Padre, Camp Oaks, Camp Caves, Camp Alder, and Indian Camp. The scenic beauty and nature of the surrounding country are described by the above-named camps and sites. Tilden Park is dedicated to the preservation of wild life and the provision of recreational facilities for the people of the East Bay.

PHIL VORHIES, *Low Nine*.

## SCOUTS ENTERTAIN DADS

(From "Cragmont Weekly")

May 4, Boy Scouts from troops 24, 28, and 31 entertained the Dads of Garfield at their monthly meeting. Troop 20 presented the flag raising because of its superb flag raising in the morning during a certain period of time. The first demonstration was signaling. Troop 24 presented this and it was very interesting because each member knew his subject. The second demonstration was on rope-making by troop 28. The strands of the rope were eight thicknesses and the finished rope was very satisfactory. The third demonstration was on "First Aid," by troop 31. The demonstration consisted of a boy playing baseball and as he hit the ball he stumbled and hurt his arm and knee cap. First aid was administered by Jack Phillips and another boy. The program was very educational in the field of scouting.

GAEL CRAIG, *Low Eight*.

## SCHOOLS ENTERTAIN SAFETY COUNCIL

(From "Cragmont Weekly")

At the Women's City Club, May 2, the Berkeley Safety Council had its final meeting of the year. The program was given by the Berkeley Public Schools. The subject was "What the Schools Are Doing in Traffic Safety." Speeches were made by pupils from High School and Willard Junior High School. Garfield pupils showed books made in Safety Classes. A demonstration of how the Berkeley Junior Traffic Police operated was given by pupils of the University Elementary School. A marionette show on "Safety" that was given at Cragmont last year was described and some of the marionettes presented. Pupils from Burbank School gave an original play "Jay-Walker."

Garfield was the host at the March meeting of the Council, the Civics Classes presenting the program.

JAY PRICE, *Low Eight*.





### *Limerick*

*There once was a dwarf named Dopey,  
Who smiled and was never mopey;  
He'd laugh and he'd clown  
'Till the sun went down  
Three cheers for our dear little Dopey.*

JEAN MASON, *Low Eight.*

### *Limerick*

*There once was a man named Jim  
He tried in vain to get slim  
He'd stoop and bend  
And diet no end  
But still his results were grim.*

FLORENCE AVELIN, *Low Nine.*



## ART EXHIBITS AND DEMONSTRATIONS

This semester, Bungalow 74 has been the center of several lively art exhibits and demonstrations. Early in the term we had an exhibit of the paintings and sketches of the young artists-to-be. Berkeley Schools were well represented with drawings that caused considerable comment for their originality and composition. Over one thousand visitors attended this exhibition.

Every Wednesday morning our art classes hurry over to Bungalow 74 to jot down notes from the interesting speeches of such popular speakers as Nell Stone, whose private art collections are well known in Berkeley; Miss Howard, a talented cadet teacher from the San Francisco School of Arts and Crafts; Hinsdale Latour, a former Garfield student who is becoming one of the outstanding young artists of the East Bay; Miss Foster, our school nurse, whose beautiful paintings and sketches were exhibited in the teachers' hobby exhibit Education Week; Miss Kinnan, another cadet teacher from the San Francisco School of Art.

Two fine handcraft exhibits have been given, one at the Board of Education Building, the other in Bungalow 74 during Education Week. The machine and craft shops of Berkeley schools were the exhibitors. Two creative writing demonstrations have been given, one at Burbank, the other at Berkeley High School. May 26 and 27 saw Bungalow 74 thronged again. A city-wide school art exhibit was the reason. Garfield has been the center of many of the most interesting art exhibits and demonstrations yet given in Berkeley. The reason? The chairman of "The Committee on Special Abilities" is our own principal, Mr. Hennessey, and the special art chairman is our Ninth Grade Counselor, Miss Kidwell.

MARY JANE EISENHAUER, *High Nine*.

## HOBBY EXHIBIT

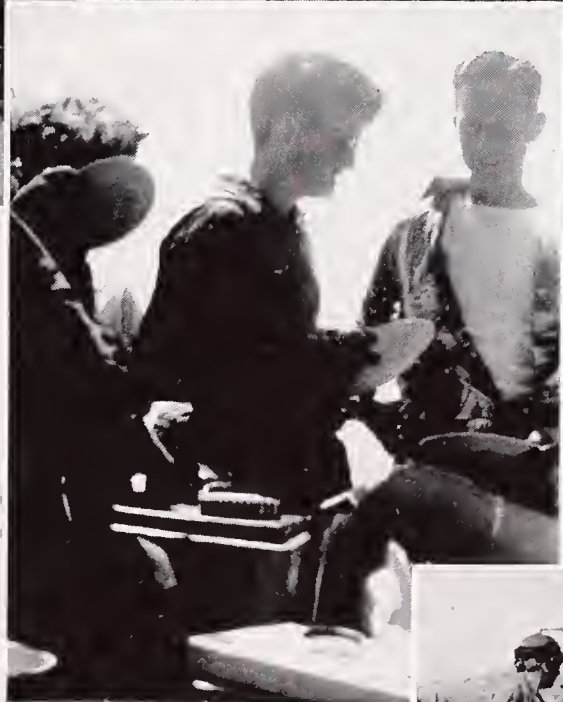
In our School Library during Public Schools Week, we had an awe-inspiring exhibit—The "Hobby Show." On the tables were thousands of little objects. What were they? Dogs, pomeranians, dachshunds, collies, and just plain dogs were exhibited, yes, three hundred of them. Model airplanes of "great" skill and ingenuity were shown. A doll, made and dressed in the latest Paris fashion, was exhibited by one of our forthcoming Schiaparellis or Molyneauxs. Loud conversation marked the Stamp Exhibit. There were many miniature collections: coins, Chinese writing materials, etc. Scrapbooks and photography were popular. Beautifully mounted mineral collections were shown.

What the members of the faculty do with their spare time was shown in Room 202. Excellent oil paintings were exhibited by our artists, Miss Foster, Miss Fisk and Mr. Rushforth; a photography display by Miss Elizabeth Patton, a prize pelt and silver cup from Mr. Roscoe's silver fox farm; quilts made by Miss Martin, bed spreads made by Miss Groefsema, an exhibit of 16th and 17th Century first editions by Miss Brush, a miniature garden by Mrs. Gavin, pewter candlesticks made by Mr. Hughes, a travelogue exhibit by Miss Brubaker, a collection of Bohemian Glass, and the garden fans had beautiful flower arrangements from their own gardens.

The Hobby Show was sponsored by our librarians, Miss Patton and Mrs. Bellus.

MARILYN MACK, *High Nine*.







**Super Dictionarial Discussions by Wilhelm Von  
Screodendoggle Esq., Ltd.**

(From XYZ)

With extreme precision, I shall try to analyze the expedition to the summit of Mt. Blanc, in my search for cosmic rays. Many of the members of the expedition were forced to submit to sardonic requisitions from myself, as they were in great fear. While I! was brave and undaunted, my friends were evacuating with extreme velocity. Even though non-flatulent the residuary group composed a vacuum. To put it in a nomenclatural way, I was almost deflagated by the titanic beams.

VINCENT TOROSSIAN, *Low Eight*.

LUNCH A LA INTERNATIONAL

Waitress—Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary.

1st Customer—Yes, Siam, and we can't Rumania very long, either; Venice lunch ready?

Waitress—Then I'll Russia to a table. What will you Havana?

2nd Customer—Anything at all, but can't Jamaica little speed?

Waitress—I don't think we can feed you that fast, but Alaska.

1st Customer—Never mind asking anyone, just put a Cuba sugar in our Java.

Waitress—Sweden it yourself, I'm only here to Servia.

1st Customer—Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kanya. I don't believe you know who I am.

Waitress—No, and I don't Caribbean, you Armenia.

Boss—Samoa your wisecracks, is it? What's India? You think maybe this Alps business?

3rd Customer—Canada noise. Spain in the neck.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack Schuyler—How would you like to go to the Claremont Hotel dance with me Saturday night?

Loraine Howse—Nothing doing.

Jack—O. K., but give me one good reason.

Loraine—All my clothes are fulla holes.

All my shoes are minus soles.

Both my legs are made of wood.

And my manners ain't so good.

All my finger nails are split.

And 'tis said I have no wit.

Makeup smears, it just won't blend.

All my hair stands straight on end.

When I talk I puff and wheeze.

My ears flap gaily in the breeze.

My hands are large, my feet are huge,

Say! can't you take a hint, you stooge?

I don't want to go.



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## **TOO LATE FOR FRONT PAGE NEWS FAREWELL BUT NOT GOODBYE**

Our principal, D. L. Hennessey, is leaving us for other fields of service. He has been appointed State Supervisor of Adult Education in California. He will continue to make Berkeley his home but his work will be state-wide. Our good wishes go with him.

The Garfield faculty gave him a farewell dinner, Monday evening, June 7, at the Berkeley Country Club. Mrs. Platt, toastmistress, introduced Mrs. Kleeberger who with delightful humor spoke for past Garfield teachers. Miss Elizabeth Patton paid a beautiful tribute from present Garfield teachers. In response Mr. Hennessey read from his files, "Frivolous Letters from Frivolous Teachers." Miss Nell Stone, Mr. Rushforth and Mr. Leland, with Mrs. Young and Mrs. Leland as accompanists, furnished the music. Miss Ann Fraser presented Mr. Hennessey with a gold watch, a gift of affection from the Garfield faculty.

\* \* \* \* \*

A community banquet honoring Mr. D. L. Hennessey, retiring principal of Garfield, was planned by a group of past presidents of the Dads' Club and of the P. T. A. The day was June 10, the place was Garfield Cafeteria. The excellent turkey dinner was served by Mrs. Menefee and staff. Mr. Clifford Templeton, first president of the Dads' Club, was General Chairman, with the following committees:

Reservations: Chairman, Mrs. George Chester Badger; Mrs. Albert Crum, Mrs. Vaughn MacCaughey, Mr. Arthur Craig, Mr. J. J. Weyand, Mr. Samuel Hughes, Mr. Arthur Perry, Mr. Joseph Kay, Mr. Herman Reid, Mr. S. A. Leland, Mr. Frank Cornish, r. Fred Starratt, Mr. Arthur Wendering, Mr. Fred Stripp.

Dinner: Chairman, Mrs. Henry Green; Mrs. O. M. Pederson, serving; Mrs. Donald Paterson, tables; Mrs. Paul Gale, decorations.

Publicity: Mrs. A. J. M. Robertson, Mrs. A. B. Willoughby, Mrs. Henry Haaf. Tickets, Mr. Percy Williams.

Dr. Lawrence Cross, in his inimitable fashion acted as toastmaster, introducing prominent speakers. A gift was presented in appreciation of the wise, unselfish service Mr. Hennessey has given the children and community during his years at Garfield. The large list of patrons and patronesses included parents, graduates and friends of Garfield.

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Bob Borden—I wish I could revise the alphabet.

Dorothy Fry—Why, what would you do?

Bob—I would put U and I closer together.

Mr. Morse (sternly) —Jim, you were out after ten last night.

Jim (meekly) —No, sir, I was only after one.

Mrs. Dyson—Well—, where's your book, Richard?

Richard Plant—It's in my locker—and that's the truth.

Mrs. Dyson—Oh! Don't you always tell the truth?

Kenneth Hack (coming into advisory late for the first time) —I'm late, Mrs. Gavin. I—I—I had to wash my neck and ears this morning; but I promise it won't happen again.

Mrs. Mahoney—Donald, are you sure this is a purely original composition?

Don Shannon—Yes, Ma'am, but you may find one or two words in the dictionary.

Miss Barry—Carol, did you know that milk is a solid?

Carol Duttle—Do you have to take it five periods a week?

Colman Scholl—May I hold your hand a second?

Helen Savage—How will you know when the second is up?

Colman—Oh, I'll need a second hand for that.

Miss Brubaker—What was that?

Bob Badgely—I was just thinking that if I wasn't here I'd be absent.

Mrs. Ristenpart—Jim, why did you have to stay after school, today?

Jim—Miss Lindell told us to write an essay on the "Result of Laziness," and I sent up a blank sheet of paper.

"Papa, I ain't got no butter."

"June, correct your sister."

June, looking at Jean's plate, "Yes you is."

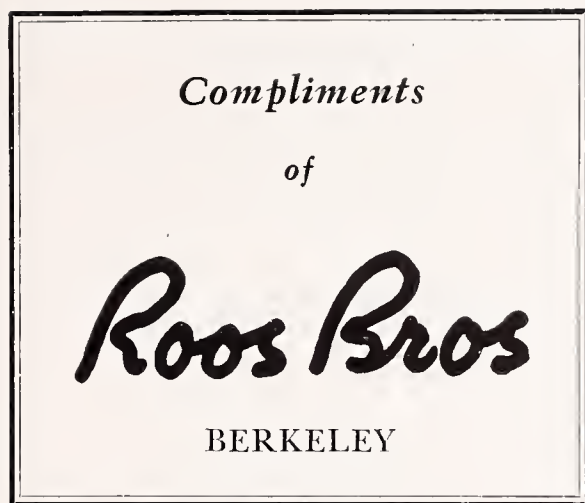
Bob Pederson—I asked if I might see her home.

John Olney—What did she say?

Bob—She said she would send me a photograph of it.

Scrub to Senior—Please, is this the second turn to the left?





Miss Montagne—How old are you, Beatrice?

Beatrice Ward—13 at home, 14 at school, and 11 on the train and at the movies.

Mrs. Archer—Marilyn, how would you define a transparent object?

Marilyn Mack—Any object that you can look through.

Mrs. Archer—Name one example.

Marilyn—A doughnut.

The ones who think our jokes are poor  
Would quickly change their views  
Could they compare the ones we print  
With those that we refuse.

Say, Mary, have you those algebra problems I lent you?

Mary Ann Gowen—No, I lent them to a friend. Do you want them?

Dorothy—Not exactly, but the girl who lent them to me says the owner wants them.

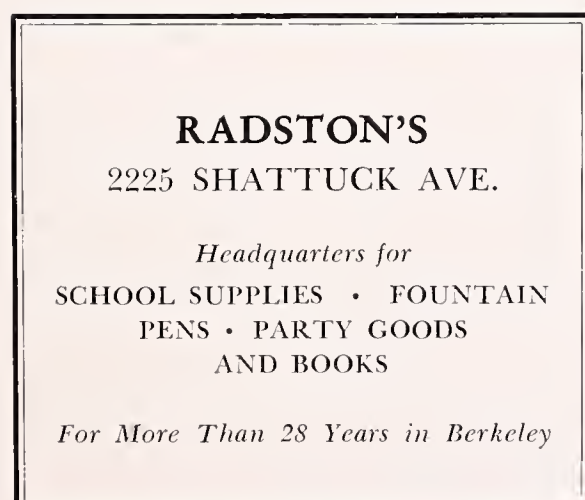
Robin Hix—When a boy who bores me terribly asks me where I live, I always say in the country.

Tom Moore—How clever! And where do you really live?

Robin—In the country.

Miss Kidwell—Dan, I see that you're getting better marks. How do you account for that?

Dan Rader—My dad's on a trip, so I do all my homework myself.





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Margery Dodge—Gee! But I'm sure crazy about Algebra.

Donald Fish—You mean that you actually like that stuff?

Margery—Yeah, I'm stuck on every problem.

Dorothy Fry—Have you seen that new car that everybody is dying to ride in?

Marion Hughes—No, what is it?

Dorothy—The hearse.

Mr. Roscoe—Don't you use toothpaste?

Donald Stewart—Why should I? I haven't any loose teeth.

Miss Lowrey—How many kinds of wood does it take to make a match?

Bob Brownlee—He would and She would.

Louis Cherakin—How can I ever leave you?

Her Pa—Bus 40, train 8, or any taxicab.

Miss Fraser—Richard, can you give me a sentence containing the words "is" and "was"?

Richard Plant—Mother and Father was in but now they is out.

Miss F. (disgustedly) —Richard, where's your grammar?

Richard—Oh, she's been dead for five years now.

Mrs. Davis—I wouldn't cry like that, my little man.

Tom Moore—You can cry as you please. This is my way.

Mary Bird—Have you a minute to spare?

Jean Blackburn—Sure.

Mary—Tell me all you know.

Miss Foster—Edward, your vision is impaired by astigmatism; you should have glasses.

Ed Chandler—I have a pair at home, ma'am. But I don't wear them because Ma's afraid I'll break them. Besides, she wears them all the time herself.

Miss Foster—Were the glasses prescribed for you or for your mother?

Ed—Neither one, ma'am. They're Pa's.

Betty Grannell (to the policeman standing on the corner) —Please, Mr. Policeman, have you seen a lady without a little girl that looks like me?



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Lucy Young (at her first baseball game) —My goodness! Did you ever see anything like it? That pitcher is grand. He can hit the bat no matter how they hold it!

Lost—A fountain pen by a woman half full of ink.

Found—A watch by a man with a cracked face.

Lost—A small bulldog by a girl wearing a harness.

Betty Barker—You'll never get rich talking to yourself.

Peter Kennedy—Well, Edgar Bergen did!

Bob Bailey—Can you keep a secret, Lizann?

Lizann Wood—Yes, I can, but it's just my luck to tell things to girls who can't.

Book Salesman—I'm telling you, this book will do half of your studies for you.

Merrill Callow—Fine! I'll take two of them.

Father—Son, I'm spanking you because I love you.

Jimmy Robinson—Dad, I sure wish I were big enough to return your love.

Dorothy Newfield—He wore my photo over his heart and it stopped a bullet.

Florence Martin—I'm not surprised, dear. It would stop anything.

Mrs. Ziegler—My son, Jim, sings with a lot of feeling, it seems to me.

Mrs. Smith—Well, I hope he doesn't feel as badly as it sounds.

Mr. Hennessey—Madam, we punished your son because he was wilful and unruly in the class room.

Mrs. Blazer—I won't have it! Paul is a delicate child and not used to harsh means. At home we never hit him except in self defense.

Miss Laurens (trying to help a pupil pronounce his r's) —Repeat: Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare.

Phil Johnson (after a moment's thought) —Bob gave Dick a poke in the side for not cooking the bunny enough.

Bob Fitch—May I have the next dance?

Marie Briggs—Certainly, if you can find a partner.



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Mrs. Bagnall asked the class to write a concise summary of the poem "Evangeline." Peter Kennedy turned in this paper:

She loved him  
She lost him  
She hunted for him  
She found him  
She kissed him  
And he died.

Mrs. Ingram (on telephone) —I sent my boy Alex to your store for three pounds of plums and I got only a pound and a half. Your scales must be wrong.

Fruit Dealer—My scales are all right, madam. Have you weighed Alex?

Mrs. Bagnall—See here! You can't sleep in my class.

Jack Folsom—I could if you didn't talk so much.

Miss Nelson—Why were you so late this morning, Charles?

Charles Dole—Well, you see, it was this way. I squeezed all of the tooth-paste out of the tube and then I had to spend hours trying to get it back in again.

Mrs. Archer—Surely you know what the word "mirror" means, Donald. After you've washed your face and hands, what do you look at to see if your face is clean?

Donald Berber—The towel, ma'am.

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Dorothy Thomas—What is your height of happiness?

Mary Hitchcock—Well, right now he's about 5 feet 10 inches tall.

Jack Atthowe (looking up from his composition)—Hey, Dad, is "waterworks" all one word or do you spell it with a hydrant in the middle?

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Shirley Ayres—Oh, no I won't! Elaine is going to hold the nails.

Mother—Why are you making faces at the bulldog?

Roy Borgstrom—Well, he started it.

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